EXPANDING HORIZONS

CORNELIUS WOELFKIN

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THE COLE LECTURES FOR 1926

Delivered Before VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

EXPANDING HORIZONS

BY

CORNELIUS WOELFKIN

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Expanding Horizons 1926
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EXPANDING HORIZONS

BY
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MINISTER OF PARK AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
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TO L. D. W.

WHOSE companionship in the trail of the friendly years, whose exemplary life and steadfast loyalty to duty, whose spiritual growth and mental expansion coupled with unremitting coöperation in our common service, have been to me an abiding incentive and inspiration to do my best in the service of our Lord and Master, this volume is affectionately inscribed by C. W.

THE COLE LECTURES

THE late Colonel E. W. Cole of Nashville, Tennessee, donated to Vanderbilt University the sum of five thousand dollars, afterwards increased by Mrs. E. W. Cole to ten thousand, the design and conditions of which gift are stated as follows:

"The object of this fund is to establish a foundation for a perpetual Lectureship in connection with the School of Religion of the University, to be restricted in its scope to a defense and advocacy of the Christian religion. The lectures shall be delivered at such intervals, from time to time, as shall be deemed best by the Board of Trust; and the particular theme and lecturer will be determined by the Theological Faculty. Said lecture shall always be reduced to writing in full, and the manuscript of the same shall be the property of the University, to be published or disposed of by the Board of Trust at its discretion, the net proceeds arising therefrom to be added to the foundation fund, or otherwise used for the benefit of the School of Religion."

PREFACE

THERE were two courses of lectures delivered on the Cole Foundation in 1926. Because of illness, Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin was unable to deliver his lectures at the appointed time in April, 1926. Dr. Shailer Mathews kindly consented to deliver a series of lectures in Dr. Woelfkin's stead. The theme of Dean Mathews' lectures was "The Social Origins of the Christian Doctrine." It is to be regretted that the limited time available for Dean Mathews did not admit of his providing a manuscript for the publication of his lectures. There is one sad feature connected with Dr. Mathews' lectures. They were the last of the lectures at which we had the privilege of Mrs. E. W. Cole's gracious presence. Within a little more than a month after the date of the lectures, Mrs. Cole was taken from us by death. By the autumn, Dr. Woelfkin was able to deliver the regular series of Cole Lectures for 1926. The theme of the lectures was "Expanding Horizons." Those who have followed the course of Dr. Woelfkin's remarkable career will recognize the title of the lectures as descriptive of the ever-increasing breadth of view and lofti-

ness of vision which have characterized him as a leader of religious life and thought. These lectures embody the finest fruitage and the choicest wisdom of one of the most productive and prophetic lives which have been lived for Christ in these challenging days of ours. The Faculty of the School of Religion bespeak for these illuminating lectures a careful reading and an earnest response to their vital appeal for a life "hid with Christ in God."

O. E. BROWN, *Dean.*

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Lecture I

THE UNIVERSAL KINGDOM

Lecture I

THE UNIVERSAL KINGDOM

There are some popular flings made at religion, dubbing it as "other-worldliness." Men have risen in revolt against a gospel which bids them to submit tamely to the inequalities and injustices of the social order. Most of these are the result of the accidents of birth, the irony of circumstances, and the unjust and selfish practices of men. Why should there be these extremes between riches and poverty; culture and squalor; comfort and misery? The toiler has been enslaved in the tyranny of iron-bound conditions. He has lived under duress and been fretted with fear lest any little shift of conditions might jeopardize his meager necessities. The invasion of sickness has mortgaged his wages for weeks, and clouds of anxiety lower heavily upon him. In compensation for his hard lot he has heard the gospel: "Never mind, remember that we must eat our bread moistened with the sweat of the brow; but in the next life, if you believe and do well, the wheels of fortune will swing round and all the conditions will be reversed.

Only be content, and patiently wait." Meantime that horizon of eternity has become misty with the fogs of uncertainty and the question whether life is rounded out with a dreamless, endless sleep or a romance of immortality has become a mooted question.

Then came the unsilenceable question: "Why wait and be put off with an ambiguous and uncertain future? Why not struggle and grasp some things within reach?" The emphasis can easily shift for those who have nothing to lose and all to gain. The constant outbreaks of the so-called plebeian classes and the agitation of groups making a propaganda for a dominant share in the present possessions evidence the undercurrents of discontent, threatening to break into open revolt. I have the keenest sympathy with this feeling of dissatisfaction and mood of despair. I hold the question, "Why be put off with 'other-worldliness'?" to be a justified interrogation. It is a valid inquiry. And if the gospel of the grace of God has any significance, if the challenge of good will among men has any reality, we must bring within reach of all men the benefits of the life that now is as well as the promise of the life that is to come.

The grave danger, however, in centering the emphasis upon the things present is, that

we may lose all interest in any quest for the future and become men of a single horizon. We can easily become near-sighted and look only at the things that are seen and not cultivate the clairvoyant sight of looking through them at the things unseen. For it still remains true that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Our days upon the earth are few, and in our most thoughtful moods we hear the grim clanking of the chains of mortality that we wear. Assume that we obtain all that the heart desires of things that now are; yet the eye is not satisfied with all that it sees, nor the ear content with all that it hears. Every gratification schools the appetite for something more. When the curtain is rung down on the last act of each day, we will still read the inscription, "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again." They may all be good, sweet, legitimate, necessary waters, but they do not permanently quench the thirst. So when the last act of life is done the verdict will still hold good, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." We must have a double horizon in life. We must learn to change the focus of vision so that we can see the eternal through the temporal. We do not have to elect the one to

the exclusion of the other. There is no forced alternative here. We have the promise of things that now are and the things that shall be. Indeed, it is the right use of the things that are which in turn creates the things that shall be. They are bound in one volume. But we need to remember that the passion for present possession has grave dangers. Whatever we come to possess, be it much or little, we must use, not for mere selfish indulgence, but as capital for investment. Riches for riches' sake; knowledge for knowledge's sake; possession for pride's sake has long since been written down by one who had and tried them all—"Vanity of vanities and vexation of spirit." Our interests must lie in a very true sense in other-worldliness. The light and inspiration of the eternal must bring about the kingdom of God on earth. True human sympathy and loving loyalty among men will only obtain among those who have the double vision and see the relationship between them.

The kingdom of God has outside and inside characteristics; it has a letter and a spirit. One may have been born in America and enjoy all the privileges of our national form of government, yet not be an American. America is a spirit as well as a constitution involving advantages. The kingdom of God is first a

spirit and cannot only thrive in any form of government, but will modify and create government. Indeed, it requires little imagination to understand how, in a few centuries, the very words "king" and "kingdom" will have to be interpreted to students of history. Kings and kingly governments have passed. The titles and prestige continue in a few places as social bric-a-brac, carrying traditions of the past. But the ancient idea has vanished, though the symbol remains. The kingdom of God—as the reign of God among men—will be realized in governmental autonomies that are not yet over the horizon. Let his Spirit reign, and it will transform any government.

The theme of the kingdom of God is just now in debate in Christian circles. My own approach to this subject comes naturally via the traditions that obtained in my earliest theological reading and the preaching that I then heard. Fifty years ago, Christians were pretty well agreed that there would be a millennial kingdom on the earth. They were divided as to the peculiar relationship of Christ to this kingdom. One group held that the kingdom must be inaugurated under the immediate, personal supervision of Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords. Christ was David's son and will be enthroned over the

reëstablished kingdom of David. At his first coming, Jesus fulfilled certain prophecies concerning the atonement for sin. But now he must come again to fulfill the prophecies and establish the kingdom. This is known as the Second Advent, and when he comes he will return in his glorified body and set up his kingdom with Jerusalem as its capital. This thesis is still held by a large body of Christians who interpret the Scriptures literally and are known as Premillennialists. The other group of Christians of fifty years ago were Post-millennialists. These held that there was coming a golden period, when the Spirit of God would be poured out in a peculiar measure for the regeneration of mankind, and then Jesus would come at the end of the "thousand years" and take the kingdom to himself. The imaginations of these several groups created different images of the kingdom, but the spirit was the same. The point at issue between them was, whether Christ would come before or after the millennium. As to his bodily and literal coming they were in agreement. Both groups appealed to the Scriptures. I confess that I could never discover that the post-millenarians had much Scriptural backing. Certainly, in the conferences which took place in the seventies and eighties

of the last century, the premillennialists made by far the better showing.

I think that the post-millenarian school is now extinct. Those who do not hold with the literalists have given up the idea of any particular one-thousand-year reign known as the millennium. They have abandoned chronological schemes and are seeking to infuse the spirit of Christ into all present activities and treat as negligible any speculations as to the long ages of the future. There has not been to my knowledge a single book advocating postmillenarianism for a half century. The most complete book on that theme was written by Dr. David Brown, and it promises to be the last of its kind. The premillenarian school has, on the other hand, had a long succession. All who interpreted the Old Testament literally belonged to this group. This school of thought can quote the fathers of the Church, the reformers, and the prominent evangelists. All who expected or still looked for the imminent, literal return of Jesus were millenarians. They have their representative succession to-day in the group known as "Fundamentalists." It is their last if not chief article of faith. The group of Christians who are liberals in theological outlook—and sometimes called Modernists, though that

term covers an undefined, wide area—have given up all idea of a millennial kingdom. For them the kingdom is the steady, progressive, and sure conquest of the Eternal Christ, who will find newer and deeper interpretations among all peoples and races and finally bring the whole round world to a knowledge of and obedience to God, the universal Father of all mankind.

I have already said that the premillennialists can bring many quotations from the Scripture to support their thesis. Moreover, they can outline the scheme of things so plainly that it has a strong kind of appeal for the literally minded. They diagram the whole program of history and prophecy so clearly and concisely that it becomes very concrete in the minds of their adherents. They can identify the dispensations as they go by and predict those that are to come. Such a scheme can give great satisfaction to one who honestly holds it and thinks he has been admitted to the secret councils of the Almighty. The course of events, however, does not always articulate perfectly, and the advent has been postponed, times without number. But revision is always possible, and the imminence may again be predicated, because no one can demonstrably contradict what may or may

not happen to-morrow. Since the hope has proved a mirage so repeatedly, the reasonable Christian feels that there must be some fallacy in the interpretation. This is the more so, since the whole idea is on too narrow and limited a scale to fit our knowledge of the expansions of time and space.

It must be admitted that the proponents of millenarianism became fretted by the discoveries and achievements of science. They have been and still are suspicious of and declamatory against every new step in science which calls into question the interpretations which they place upon Scripture. To-day the crucial angle in the decisive sector of contention is the science of evolution. In their judgment, if evolution wins the Bible fails; and if that fails all is lost. If one has to accept the Bible as the final canon of appeal and authority in all things pertaining to nature as well as religion, then it may be said science has long since played havoc with the Bible. Chronology, astronomy, geology, geography, ethnology, chemistry, and now evolution have all been accused of destroying the Bible. No wonder that the Fundamentalists cannot be enthusiastic about science. Every science wears a sinister countenance toward a literal interpretation of the Bible.

On the other hand, a theory which has had so many revivals and can still enlist enthusiastic faith and service must have something that is worthy of study and of interest. What was the origin of the millennial kingdom idea? Has it any validity for the disciples of Christ to-day? If it has to be modified or retired, what is the equivalent which should inspire the loyal souls who still pray, "Thy kingdom come"?

Nations as well as individuals may become materialistic. In this respect we sometimes idealize a generation of Israel. I used to read these scriptures with an idea in my mind that because the sons of Jacob were God's chosen people to whom he gave prophets, special revelation, and divine protection they were a peculiarly holy people, with whom the covenants and promises were the choicest possession. The relations which they sustained to Jehovah were such as to insure their conquest over all peoples of the earth and make them the glory of all the world. But reading their story, one is impressed that their fortunes have more ebb than flood tides in them. Their history is similar to that of other peoples. They cared for the immediate and temporal blessings rather than the deeper things of the spirit. The "birthright" meant to them

Jehovah's favor, which insured physical prosperity. Righteousness was a means to success in the fruitfulness of field, flocks, and home. The great promises of the prophets, which for them had deep spiritual significance, they interpreted as guaranties of national supremacy and material benefits. They desired and expected to become sovereign over all the gentile nations of earth. They looked for a place in the sun. Conditions that then obtained should be reversed. They would be more than others in number, influence, and power and so would become lords and not be servants. Being holy and making the world better, neighborliness and good will toward all men were not in the purview of their ambition. The kingdom was materialistic, and the prophets who so interpreted it were popular. The others were stoned.

There were always prophets of the spiritual order, and they had their meager following—men who waited for the consolation of Israel. But these were not the dominant party. Unfortunately, Israel was a small nation. Their armies could not successfully contend against the mightier forces of the nations around them. What shall they do? How conquer the unconquerable peoples who were daily growing more in number and stronger

than they? They seized upon the idea of a Messiah. Messiah is wiser, stronger than all. He will lead their small armies against innumerable Persians, brazen-clad Greeks, and iron-strong Rome. He cannot do this with the arm of flesh, but Jehovah will fight for them. The host of heaven, the angelic forces, and all the powers of nature will be his allies and sweep all before him.

When the Jews returned from the Babylonian captivity, they brought with them much of the lore of the East, especially of the Zoroastrians. Their imaginations were highly colored with a dualistic idea of the world. Angels of light and demons of darkness were behind the contention of human forces. There arose a group of interpreters of these dual forces, known as the Apocalypticists. They pictured the great war and coined a slogan, "The Day—the Day of the Lord." This same slogan became the rally cry which the Prussians, the chosen people for our day, adopted. The prophets cried aloud, "Who shall be able to abide the day of the Lord?" They warned the nation against a false confidence and said "the Day" would be a furnace in which they would be tried. For this protest they were silenced in death. The men who prophesied smooth things and interpreted the promises

materialistically won the applause of the people and obtained the places of preferment in the government.

The sons of Jacob certainly did not find a ready-made kingdom when they entered the land of promise which was to "flow with milk and honey." They had neighbors on every side, especially the Philistines, who were fretting them constantly and bringing them into servitude. When these near-by adversaries did not worry them, they lay in the track of the greater hostile peoples of Egypt and Syria, who carried them on their tides of ill fortune. Their covenants and alliances with Egypt did not save them from devastation by Assyrians from the north. Their country was spoiled, their city, Jerusalem, razed, and the people carried into captivity in Babylon. Then all hope that they should be a great nation was taken away. A remnant, however, remained, as a nucleus around which gathered the returned captives from the East, and these began to mend their broken fortunes.

The returning captives, who constituted only a fraction of those who went from Palestine—and even these were a new generation—had imbibed with their very childhood much of the religious ideas and traditions of the East. They brought with them many

legends and conceptions which had grown in the religious culture of the East, and the Babylonians were very rich in such lore. The new danger which now threatened the slowly reviving nation lay in the fact that their distinctive culture would become contaminated and vitiated by the culture of the West, whose mighty forces were now rising and would soon invade them. Alexander was coming over the horizon, and Grecian culture—the outstanding agency of real progress—might absorb them. Rome would follow with its composite of all the faiths of the world, but all heading up in loyalty to Cæsar. The wise men of Israel feared this culture of foreign nations more than the prowess of their military threatening. This fear became most acute and found its expression in the heroic and successful resistance of the patriots under the leadership of that lion, Judas Maccabeus. During these uprisings, the apocalyptic preachers and writers found their favored time. When the iron hand of Rome closed relentlessly and hopelessly upon the patriots, the millenarians bade them expect a divine intervention. Every revolt might become the occasion of the coming of the Messiah. Under this illusion many revolutionists arose, fired the imagination of the people with the thought

that the "set time for God to favor Zion" had come, and launched their revolts, trusting that God would come to their aid and the Day of the Lord would usher in the kingdom of God.

We must understand that such a hope was burning in the popular mind at the time when Jesus lived. How Jesus was affected by this hope becomes a very interesting question. It is true that millenarians to-day can cite some of his utterances and make them lend color to their thesis. But we must take the whole trend of his ministry and all his teachings, if we would learn his attitude toward these ideas. Certainly his emphasis was constantly upon spiritual imperatives rather than on politicial emancipation. As he was able he gave them glimpses of expanding horizons in the spiritual rather than the physical kingdom. To do the will of God was the first peremptory requisite. His attitude toward gentiles, which always offended the patriotic party, found its climax in the utterance that many would come from the east and the west and participate in the privileges of the kingdom with the very patriarchs, while the enthusiastic revolutionaries would fail in their hope.

The Jewish rebellions covered a long period, and the entire career of Jesus was cast in the

midst of them. Some of the Jewish leaders would have been willing to submit to the temporal supremacy of Rome, if they could only be assured of religious freedom and keep their faith and customs without being vitiated or interfered with. But Antiochus and other Roman conquerors and rulers would have the Jews renounce Judaism or have it incorporated in the polytheism of Rome.

Several distinctive, ambitious, and antagonistic parties also troubled the people. The Sadducees stood for the moral law, but rejected the traditions and the numerous arbitrary interpretations of the law. They were strongly materialistic and denied the existence of angels and the doctrine of a resurrection. Naturally, they had no sympathy with the apocalypticists, who looked for help from the heavens, nor could they see much for themselves beyond the immediate and present. Therefore they were disposed to make the best of conditions and obtain what they could out of the situation.

The Pharisees emphasized the traditions as interpreting the law and really set them above the law. Jesus accused them of making the law void through their vain traditions. The Herodians were Jews nominally, but not popular or acceptable with the Jews. They

were not only subservient to Rome, but were diligent in trying to impose Roman culture on the Jews. They built cities with Roman architecture and called them by Roman names. They built Roman temples and circuses and introduced Roman games and customs. They even consented that the Roman eagles should have a place over the temple gates, which the Jews regarded as a dire sacrilege. All these parties had political ambitions, and their respective religious propagandas were used to promote their political aspirations. One party even appealed to Rome to be annexed as a province of Syria. When Archelaus went to Rome to claim the kingdom, an embassy of fifty Jews went to resist him. They practically used the words ascribed to them by Jesus, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Some eight thousand Jewish residents in Rome supported their protest. They would prefer a Roman governor to any Herod.

The census which was taken by Rome was extremely unpopular and led to a considerable rebellion which was led by Judas the Gaulanite, of Galilee, in the year A.D. 6. In this rebellion Pharisees, Passionists, and Zealots all took the sword. Thus Jesus was born under the bloody reign of Herod and lived his life amidst broils and brawls. He must have been in-

terested in the hopes of the kingdom, the question of taxes, the political fortunes of the people, and above all the condition of religion. Though the climax of these rebellions did not come until the year A.D. 70, the whole period was agitated with continuous outbreaks of Zealots, who were dubbed as robbers. But they were not mercenary bandits. No doubt there were many fomenters of strife who answered somewhat to the type of modern Bolshevists, but at least they struck the popular chords and were deemed sincere.

Very naturally Jesus, living in the midst of these confusions, and in whose mind the growing consciousness of his ministry was becoming clearer, would seriously ask himself what attitude and relationship he could sustain toward these several political aspirations and the groups that represented them. That he developed a keen insight into the vanities and hypocrisies of the contending political parties of his day is clearly evident in the record of the Gospels. Again and again he punctured their sophistries and exposed their insincerities. They made common cause against him to catch him in traps, and failing it, they finally allied themselves to secure his death.

Since Jesus could not discover among these parties the salvation of the people, it became

imperative that he should study the hopes generated by the prophets and consider the value of the expectations which were fostered by the apocalyptic writers. Could he be the expected Messiah of the popular imagination? Could he lay stress on the outward conditions and make that the field of his labors? Or would he elect to lay the moral and spiritual foundations on which a new political and social order could be built, not only for the nation of Israel, but all humanity? Would he be the Saviour of one nation over the other nations, or become the Saviour of all nations? With his spiritual insight he saw clearly that, whatever preferment the divine election gave to Israel, it was not to make them the material lords over other peoples, but rather to be a spiritual blessing to all the world. They were intrusted with those spiritual revelations which have in them the laws and dynamics of all ideal relations in human society. It was here that he distinguished between the emphasis of the prophets and that of the priests and scribes. The entire genius and passion of his ministry was a reversal of the apocalyptic expectation. Though he did not plainly and positively veto the illusion in so many words, his entire teaching, life, and service set it aside.

There had been a number of revolutionists after the Maccabees who set up claim as being the Messiah, but he was not of their succession. Yet every one who considered him raised the question which John propounded, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" When the crowds saw his works they asked, "Can this be the Christ?" Their minds were filled with expectancy, and even the disciples of Jesus could not for a long time shake themselves loose from the hope that he would rise and proclaim the Day of the Lord and the advent of the kingdom. Those who still looked for a millennium expected a Messiah who would crush all opposition and smite his way to the throne of David with sheer physical force. Against that hope such prophecies as we have in Isaiah, "He shall not cry nor lift up his voice in the street. . . . He hath no form or comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him," found no welcome. The portrait of the suffering servant did not fit into their picture.

It was just at this point that Jesus met his peculiar temptations. Shall the kingdom be built on the foundations of power and force? Force, physical force, whether human or divine, is of the same quality. A kingdom composed of conquerors and conquered is a

house divided against itself and cannot stand. The kingdoms of this world have all had such irreparable division and consequently fallen. Jeremiah once said that if there were only wounded men left among the conquered they would rise up and work destruction. It has always been so. The fires of revolt have ever burned in the conquered, and revenge has inspired the victims to overthrow their conquerors. The abiding kingdom will have to be built on other foundations, broad as humanity and infused by a spirit of universal interest. The prophets saw clearly that that something which must be the genius of the kingdom was spiritual. It is love toward God and man. The nation that can incarnate that ideal, and teach and inspire the practice of good will among men, that nation will become magnetic and draw all nations into the arts of peace. (Isa. 2: 2–4.)

It was this spiritual ideal which Jesus saw, and he resolved to cast his ministry in that mold. Consider his temptations in this light, and they acquire a new significance. He would not turn stones into loaves and become a bread-king. That way would have led to speedy recognition; for when on an occasion he fed the multitude "they came and would take him by force and make him king."

But it would have failed. He would not step over the balustrade of the temple pinnacle and trust to a plunge, expecting the angelic hosts to materialize and bear him on their hands and so lead him to acclaim and conquest. The multitude might cry, "Lo! this is our King; we have waited for him." But it is certain that instead of such a *dénouement* it would have ended in the suicide of a misguided enthusiast. Evidently Jesus fought shy of the apocalypticists. Nor would he compromise with the powers that be and mount the throne by the gentile stairs. Every alternative which he rejected in the specified temptations looks in the direction of the popular expectation of a millennium. No, he must lay other foundations on which men can build for both time and eternity. That question being settled in his soul, he now finds the program of his ministry in the prophetic, not apocalyptic, scriptures. The preface to that ministry is in the beautiful words of Isaiah 42: 1–4 and 63: 1, 2. We can reconcile his life and ministry with these scriptures, but we cannot find any parallels between them and the popular expectation.

How strangely his teaching must have sounded in their ears! While they were always eager to beat their plowshares into swords, he

was preaching, Resist not evil. But that negative counsel was only the beginning; it must be completed in overcoming evil with good. Sword against sword was not in the purview of his purpose. His so-called "Sermon on the Mount" seemed like a surrender. It evidenced no interest in their political fortunes and seemed worse even than the older prophets' attitude. They said the nation could not resist the overwhelming forces. Jesus counseled that they should not even try. Did he inculcate submission to a foreign yoke? No, he was striking an altogether new trail. He bade them take his yoke of modesty and lowliness, learn of him to love their enemies, pray for their persecutors, be perfect in mercy as our Heavenly Father is perfect, and so become the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

His doctrine was not only strange, it must have been odious to the teachers and leaders in Israel. His good works, however, caused some to inquire concerning his ideas, while the common people heard him with interest. His good works carried their good will, until many came to experience in their lives the power of his gospel and found the inner peace of God. But the scribes—those custodians of a museum of traditions—the proud Pharisees

and swelling Herodians, resented his exposures of their foibles and unctuous dissemblings. They were blind leaders leading the blind—what a graphic picture! Jesus was speaking of a class when he addressed Nicodemus. Nicodemus spoke for a group and used the plural number. Jesus replied in that same plural number, "Ye must be born again." Except they be born again they not only cannot enter, but cannot even see the kingdom of God. What irony to tell the experts on the kingdom that they knew nothing about it at all. They were always shouting, "Show us a sign—a sign from heaven," and there were signs of the kingdom all around them, and they could not recognize them. Had they known their prophets, they would have understood. But their fathers stoned the prophets, and they were children of their fathers. They did what has always been done—namely, created prejudice in the minds of their followers and threatened them with the dangers that await all heretics. Even to-day the rank and file of the people know nothing or little of the real questions at issue in the discussions of our time. A relatively few reactionaries do the shouting and get a mob reaction in feeling.

What, then, did Jesus teach with respect to the kingdom? We must interpret his ideas

in the light of all his teaching. As already indicated, in his temptations he passes beyond the physical and temporal emphasis. The spectacular had no attraction for him. He would work it all out on the lower level of human experience and establish it in the power of faith. His passion was not first a kingdom, but, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." When he taught his disciples a form of prayer, he linked two phrases, "Thy kingdom come," "Thy will be done." These were synonymous in his mind. For master and servant the emphasis is ever the same. "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my mother, my brother, my sister." The Gospel of Matthew is claimed by millenarians to be peculiarly the Gospel of the kingdom. Very good. The king sits on the mountain-side and teaches, not with an authority pedantic or traditional as the scribes, but an authority that goes right to the soul and sets the strings of the heart vibrating with conviction. The authority of light and truth needs no apologetic. The Beatitudes seem like a reversal of human inclination and ambition. They point the way of happiness under most adverse conditions and limitations. Just what we are apt to discredit and void becomes the condition of

learning to know God and his grace. Life's influence is to be like salt and light. Conduct is to be watched at the source of things—namely, the motives, and not actions only. Evil and wrong are to be overcome, not by smiting back or by force, but by overcoming evil with good. Virtue is to be secret, not advertised. Anxiety about temporal necessities is forbidden and the spiritual kingdom to be sought first. Doing and not hearing is the foundation that stands the test. In all this there is nothing of the trampling conqueror, the snorting war-horse, the apocalyptic drama.

Where Jesus specifically mentions the kingdom, it is in figures quite the reverse of the dramatic. It is like the silent growing seed; the secret working of yeast; a treasure hid in a field; or a pearl of great price. His parables indicating those who shall inherit the kingdom offended those who looked for "the Day." As for signs, they are not in the sun, moon, and stars, but in such good works as were reported back to John when he fell into doubt. There were signs all around, but they were blind and could not see what prophets and kings had desired to see. The sign of Jonah, God's interest in and love for the gentiles, had been before their eyes for two centuries, but they understood it not.

Moreover, his kingdom has no frontiers. It is universal, and all flesh shall see his glory. The Roman centurion caught sight of it, where the teachers of Israel missed it. Men shall come from east and west, north and south, from all peoples and all times, and sit down as heirs, while the traditional children shall miss it. The kingdom cometh not with observation. The king does not lift up or cause his voice to be heard in the streets; a bruised reed will he not break nor quench a smoking flax. Rather does he stand in the midst of a sin-burdened, sorrowing, disappointed, aching world crying: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden. . . . Take my yoke, . . . meekness and lowliness, and ye shall find rest"—namely, the kingdom. Palm Sunday dramatizes his coming; not on a war-charger, but an ass, the symbol of peace: not followed by warriors, but a multitude that had felt his healing touch, heard his comforting voice, knew his pardoning grace.

The fourth Gospel is an aftermath of discernment that sees the Son of God in a much wider perspective. It is a memorabilia that gets at the heart of things. It was written after the hopes of the apocalypticists had broken in the destruction of Jerusalem. The

temple was razed, the altar desecrated, and the city fallen. But the Christ who had wept over its coming desolation is seen against the background of eternity. Here he is seen as the eternal Word made flesh; the Lamb of God bearing away the sin of the world; the Bread come down from heaven; the antecedent of Abraham; the Good Shepherd; the slave-like footwasher; the One with the Father. And is this the Saviour who is expected to don the cuirass, belt on the sword,' mount a war-horse, mobilize an army of angelic powers, proclaim the demagnetization of his cross, and ride to the bridle-depths in the blood of the sons of men? Failing to win them with his gospel of grace, love, lowliness, and sacrificial service, shall we now look for him like an unmasked executioner making his last appeal to force and reversing all that he has taught and we had hoped is the gospel?

But what shall we say of the Olivet discourse, in which he looked upon the city over which he had mourned with tears and which now lay flashing under the glow of the setting sun? Here surely are heard the storm-drums of wars, famine, desolation, etc. But what prophet reading the signs of those times could not have spoken in the same accents? Its false hopes must be disappointed. It is like

a man staggering and falling on the desert sands whom the vultures had steadily trailed. The Roman vultures came and devoured the city that knew not the day of its visitation.

The year of 70 consummated the long, long storm through which Jesus lived. He knew what must be the end of the tragic attitude which the parties in power were taking. They felt that their hope lay in physical and military preparedness. They said that his doctrines were dangerous and unpatriotic. "If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and our nation." His doctrine of non-resistance, which practically yielded to the proposition of annexation, was political heresy. Their choice was dramatically set forth when before the bar of Pilate they asked the release of Barabbas, a fomenter of rebellion, and cried for the crucifixion of Jesus.

Jesus saw the approaching tragedy and warned the people, and especially his disciples, of the end of that age. He bade them learn a lesson from the fig tree, which gave signs of the coming summer. He told them that the Galileans whose blood Pilate mingled with the sacrifices were not sinners more than they and a like fate threatened them. He advised an embassy of peace rather than hopeless

resistance. He wept over the city and lamented that he would have gathered them under safe protection, but they would not. His prescient eye saw the coming of the invading armies, the casting up of a trench around the city, the demolition of the temple—not leaving one stone upon another. He saw that the abomination written in the book of Daniel, which had been enacted in the days of Antiochus, would be repeated and the last extreme moment of escape would be brief. They knew not the day of their visitation and hence became a carcass whither the Roman vultures came.

Jesus, then, seems to have set at naught the apocalyptic hope. It took deep religious fervor and divine conviction to go against the hopes of the people which had been fostered by many traditions and which fitted in so perfectly with their spirit of judgment and ambition for power. He knew that it would set relatives and even families at variance with each other. His own brethren did not believe on him, and his own disciples were ambitious for distinction in the kingdom. They were not emancipated from their literal dreams until after Jesus' death and resurrection. Even then they had to wait the developments of bearing the cross and the deeper

interpretation of the Holy Spirit before they saw the deeper meaning of the kingdom. The millennial idea is a pyramid on its apex. It rests upon one passage in the apocalyptic book of the Revelation with a number of texts accreted around it and then a strained interpretation put on them all. The law of exaltation among the gentiles was on the authority of force, and Israel was infected with the virus. But that law can no more win with them or the Church than it did or does among the gentiles. Jesus' law was one of humility and service. His kingdom is not of this world; else would his servants fight. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter and goes willingly to his cross. Even there he had to hear the last cynical insult of unbelief and rejection—"He is the king of Israel: let him come down from the cross, and we will believe on him."

The New Testament writings clearly indicate that the apostles and early Christians expected a personal, bodily, visible return of the Lord to establish his kingdom on the earth. But there is an absence of apocalyptic coloring unless we except a few passages from Paul's early writings in which he speaks of his coming with the sound of the trumpet. But even there it is the reveille trumpet that calls the dead again to life. They daily prayed: "Thy

kingdom come. . . . Even so come, Lord Jesus." But what the exact nature of the kingdom was to be they did not specify. They did not seem to have diagramed and pictorially illustrated it as do the apocalypticists and millenarians to-day. Even Paul sees the salvation of the gentile world through the gospel. More and more, then, they shifted the emphasis from the outer to the inner, from the physical to the spiritual. The kingdom is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. They went everywhere preaching the gospel. In this gospel all national, social, and racial distinctions were obliterated. A spiritual unity was the one great message. Hence anything like a special, national superiority of one nation as the goal of Christ's gospel is a contradiction to his entire genius.

The apocalyptic discourse reported in the synoptic Gospels can of course be interpreted on the plan of the apocalypticists. But it should be interpreted in the light of the Beatitudes and the entire teaching of Jesus. The spiritual emphasis of the Master should not be painted over with the vivid colors of the literalists. As time went on the spiritual meanings of Jesus' teaching became clearer and better understood. The evangelists went abroad with a gospel for all men of all nations.

The Church was not to be a substitute for Israel and find a material kingdom which they had lost. By the time the last Gospel was written the idea of a material millennium had lost all emphasis.

Since the apostolic period the millennial idea has been revived in two forms. The early fathers with the apostles held the hope of a visible, bodily return of the Lord, but they do not seem to have any distinct plan in mind either as to the nature or autonomy of the kingdom. It did not have a strong place with them, for when there is no definite time or specific program the expectation is theoretic rather than vital. They went on just the same as though they believed only in a spiritual coming and kingdom. Even the millenarians of our day do not let their so-called hope differentiate them from others who have no such expectation. They make provision for the future, buy life insurance, and buttress the coming days with as much care as though the coming were a thousand years off. It is a beautiful, comforting dream; indulging the imagination at most, but having no bearing upon life which is not found among those who expect to go the way of all the earth and not outride the disintegrating touch of death.

After the fall of the Roman Empire and the

gradual establishment of the papacy, there developed the idea of the sovereign authority of the Church. The Church became independent of the State, then claimed an equality with the State, and finally assumed a superiority over the State. With this final assumption, it seized the temporal power, and princes ruled under the sovereignty of the Pope. The Church was able to make good its vaunted sovereignty for several centuries. This idea and demand the Roman hierarchy has never abandoned. The voluntary self-imprisonment of the head of the Church in the Vatican is the symbol of the claim and hope. The doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope and his interpretation make it necessary to continue this sovereign assumption. Rome was a universal empire built upon the Cæsarian model. But she reigned without the visible personal presence of the king, save as he is present in the celebration of the mass. The holy Pontiff reigned as the vicar of Christ, and the kingdom was both spiritual and temporal. Its boundaries were not only on earth, but in heaven and hell.

This position of Rome was controverted by the reformers of the sixteenth century, and the idea was abandoned by them. Church organizations have a way of running parallel

to the organizations of the State. When the empire was one imperial body, the Church assumed to be so also. When the empire broke into nations, the Church broke into denominations. When a State becomes democratic, the Church cannot but be affected by it. As the new nations vied with each other for independency, the denominations each stood for the recovery of some aspect of truth and organization. The reformers turned to the primitive hope of the Church—namely, the return of the Lord in person and visibly. But they were not millenarians in the sense of clearly defining the character and extent of the kingdom. They were far too busy with their immediate work to speculate much on a millennium.

About a century ago there arose a sect that became known as "Irvingites." They themselves took the name of Catholic Apostolic Church. They were led by Edward Irving, a man of magnetic personality and an eloquent preacher. He had been connected with the Presbyterian Church, but because of his views was compelled to separate from them and start his own communion. He proclaimed the imminent appearing of the Lord and made that a cardinal doctrine of the Church. The Master was even at the doors, and it was

necessary to prepare the highway for the coming of the king. He appointed twelve apostles who were to usher in the advent. Before the last of these should die, the Lord will have come. I still remember with interest how some thirty years ago I met for some weeks an elder in that communion, a professional man of high standing, who assured me that the coming was very near. There was only one of the apostolic group left, and he a man of nearly ninety years of age. Therefore the Lord must come speedily. That apostle has passed on, and still the Lord tarries. The Irvingites never became a numerous body, but their influence reached a larger number of Christians in other Churches than those who formally joined them.

Parallel with this Church arose another sect known as Plymouth Brethren. They gathered out of various communions and formed a fellowship. They sought the primitive ways and tried to organize themselves on what they conceived as the apostolic model. They recognized the supremacy of the Holy Spirit dividing spiritual gifts among them, and when they came together they worshiped after the form of the "Friends"—namely, taking part as the Spirit gave them utterance. They sought such absolute literal conformity to the

apostolic Church in doctrine and practice that they began to quarrel and split into many little groups, each one disfellowshiping the others. But one cardinal doctrine they all held—the millennium. Concerning it they developed a clear and concrete thesis. It began with the belief of the imminent bodily return of Jesus. Then questions of how, when, and where came up. As to the when, it must be near, else it was not an individual hope. To determine this they studied the signs. Some held that the signs were all fulfilled and the event a matter of momentary expectation. Others thought that the political and social conditions did not exactly fit the apocalyptic descriptions and some little time must elapse for readjustment. Notably a seven years known as "Daniel's" seventieth week, a period of tribulation, must first come. During this brief time events would move with historic swiftness. The ancient Roman Empire would be revived; the Antichrist—an incarnation of the devil—would emerge, and the Great Tribulation would bring the King of kings to the rescue. But even a period of seven years is a delaying of the "Blessed Hope." To meet the two situations, the advent was split in half. First Jesus might come any moment and rapture his Church into the heavens and save

them out of the "hour that is to try all the earth." Then the long ages of iniquity would run their climacteric course on earth, and at the end of the seven years Jesus will come with his Church and the angels of heaven. They are all now a conquering army to overthrow Antichrist and set up the millennial reign in the earth. Jerusalem will be the capital; a heavenly Jerusalem suspended above it, and Jacob's ladder finds glorious fulfillment in a communion between heaven and earth.

Clearer and clearer became the details, until the expert interpreters were able to diagram the program of events. Their charts can be explained far easier than any geometrical problem. "Rightly dividing the word of truth" and illustrating it by these charts makes the whole theory tremendously concrete, and it can easily be explained and understood. Such a theory can always be revived among a simple-minded people capable only of a literal understanding. Fanciful interpreters can juggle with the political conditions and make them fit the scriptural signs. In the case of failure, they cleverly revise because they find some new detail that makes all easy again. These teachers are so dogmatic that they impress their disciples as being more inspired than the apostles claimed. The whole

thesis is so continually repeated and becomes so familiar that, like people who know the "Pilgrim's Chorus," they do not want the trouble of hearing any great symphony. They love to walk the familiar, well-marked streets of a theory and never venture into the wider areas beyond. "They have itching ears" and glory in teachers who can color up the familiar picture with some new rhetorical thrill.

The Plymouth Brethren are a little, negligible sect, but their influence has spread broadcast. They had at first many teachers who gave helpful expositions, and such books as MacIntosh or C. H. M.'s notes on the Pentateuch were very popular. All the millenarians among the Fundamentalists to-day hold their views directly from the Plymouth Brethren.

As to the now of His coming, that is luridly colored. The horrors of the tribulation beggar all description, and immediately the advent of the Lord follows with still more theatrical interest. No longer the "suffering servant of Isaiah," or the martyr of Calvary; no more the Lamb of God and the Prince of Peace. He comes now a warrior. The once glorified cross that gathered up all sacred story is now abandoned and the sword drawn from

the scabbard. Some of the rhetorical portraits that I have read from the pens of accredited and accepted teachers of millenarianism have seemed to me like a glorified demon and not the humble Nazarene, the Saviour of men. It is like Socrates becoming transformed into Nero. A sane world cannot believe that the kingdom lies in that direction. More and more we beat our swords into plowshares and trust the power of the cross to draw all men into a universal peace. When the gospel shall be redeemed from being embalmed in creed and scheme and applied to the life and deeds of men, it will prove the power of God to bring men to the knowledge and obedience of Christ.

The kingdom, then, is not some particular autonomy or national organization, but a spiritual genius that will include all human relations and pervade the life and work of all society. The ever-changing organizations which affect political and social conditions can all be channels of the growing sovereignty of God. The gospel must possess individuals first and bring their ideals, purposes, and actions under the direction and control of the Spirit. This will then dominate them in relation to their homes and neighbors in ever-widening circles. The charter of the kingdom

is brief, but all-inclusive—namely, love to God and good will toward men. Like the silent working of leaven or the constant growing wheat, it will regenerate society. More and more it will permeate all social, political, and industrial ferments that are current among men.

The outward characteristics need not engage our fancy. They have changed and will go on changing. These are not anticipated in holy writ, nor can any prophet foresee them. There will arise new types and forms of governments that do not yet peep over the horizon. It can only be predicated that, whatever the form, it will be inspired by one spirit and one genius—doing the will of God. The prophet Zechariah had a vision which he put into a quaint parable in these words: "In that day shall be written on the bells of the horses, HOLINESS TO THE LORD: and every pot and kettle in Jerusalem shall be as sacred as the vessels in the sanctuary." The vessels had been set aside and solemnly dedicated to the service of the Lord, and "Holiness to the Lord" was inscribed on the miter of the high priest as he ministered in the sanctuary. Here the prophet draws a wide circle around all life—the social life symbolized by the common pots and kettles of the city and the commercial

life symbolized by the bells on the horses. He prophesies that all these shall be as holy as the religious ministries going on in the house of God where worship is being done. When religion is not confined to consecrated buildings or specified ceremonies, but made the inspiration and dynamic of all life, then is the kingdom of God come among men.

I once heard Dr. Lyman Abbott say that a certain father had an incalculable possession to leave to his children. In his testament he laid down no specifications concerning their use or disposal of it. He simply wrote: "I leave you no rules concerning the inheritance which I leave you. I only remind you that you are all brothers and charge you to love one another." When these treasures became theirs, one group advised that they be kept intact and the interest used for the good of all. Another group counseled that they should divide it all at once and every man be allowed to do with his part as he pleased. The third group suggested that they keep half in trust and divide the other half among them. Each group argued for his position until their disagreement begot strife, feuds, and hostilities, while their inheritance was being dissipated and lost. It would have made no difference which of these plans had

been followed, if they had acted on the counsel, Remember you are brothers and love one another. Jesus said, "Ye have all one Father, and ye are brethren; . . . a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Let that law be written on our hearts, and there you have the kingdom of God.

Lecture II

DISSOLVING FICTITIOUS LINES

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DISSOLVING FICTITIOUS LINES

In a certain county in Tennessee, so the story runs, a woman saw two men in front of her home, measuring off a distance of ground. The one erected a tripod at one end of the line and, spying through a glass set horizontally, gesticulated to his companion who held an upright pole at the other end of the line. They were surveyors, out on governmental business. When they moved and repeated their performance in the rear of this owner's home, curiosity overcame her, and she approached them, saying, "What are you men doing here?" They answered, "We are establishing the county line." "And what is that?" she inquired. "Well, you see we used to think that the line ran in the front of your house, which put you in Sumner County. Now we find that it runs in the rear of your home, which makes your residence in Davidson County." She at once protested: "See here, I've always heard that Davidson County is an unhealthy place to live in. I won't live there; so you put that line right back where it has always been and where it

shall always stay." An amusing story, but suggesting an interesting illustration. For geographical and taxing purposes, a county line is a convenient provision. But for considerations of sanitation, it is purely fictitious. Such a line is an arbitrary invention, not inherent in the formation of the ground, nor a permanent necessity. It had no existence or significance for the primitive inhabitants and may be shifted or obliterated by changes in the future.

The conflict between the *old* and the *new* has always been on, but the battle has grown hotter during the last three centuries. Many controversialists are absorbed in little skirmish conflicts which count but little in the final issues. The decisive battle hinges upon a few sectors, where the main issues are being fought out and won. Such a sector is found in the struggle between the ideas of naturalism and supernaturalism. It is a conflict between the relatively old and new. There is such a thing as a lust for newness, an abnormal craving for novelty and a running after fads. Like the Athenians in Paul's day, they "occupy themselves with nothing else than repeating or listening to the latest novelty." For such traders in innovations, anything old or traditional belongs to the museum and

has no place in current thought, standards, or life. The craze for novelty is ever with us. At the other extreme lies the fear of any change. The venture for newness has met with many tragedies, and it seems safer to abide with the static mind, that will not essay to go beyond the familiar bounds and established signposts. The old traditions seem safe, and everything modern is to be seriously questioned if not suspected. These attitudes are not peculiar to religion. They obtain in all professional avocations and give rise to new philosophies of conduct or behavior.

Between them comes a candid serious quest for truth. It is ready and eager to conserve all that is valid and real in tradition. It values reality, not because it is a "genuine antique," but because it is true, irrespective of age. But it does not consider the quest completed. It will not regard truth as something to be garnered as sufficient, so that the mind may say to itself, "I have much truth laid up for many years: eat, drink, and be content." That very hour the mind dies, and the harvests of many years pass into the possession of those who will rightly use and employ them. Truth is as seed that must be resown for larger harvests: it is capital for reinvestment to be turned over and over

again for the larger gains in knowledge and experience.

The dominant idea in religion is that of God. Every religious tradition holds this concept, and somewhere in its creed can be found the formula, "I believe in God, . . . maker of heaven and earth." But who and what God is, where he dwells, what he does, and how he works are themes on which men hold many, varying, and contradictory opinions. Some say they have a full, final, and infallible revelation on this theme. The vision is complete: the last word has been spoken. They know how God created the world, what its history has been, which course it will take, and the destiny that must ultimately be reached. Others hold that nature and human experience are open volumes still in the making. There are new insights and perpetual inspirations which constantly require revised interpretations. All prophets of their own times recognize and value the ancient and primitive interpretations of nature. They do not laugh them out of appreciative consideration any more than any seeker after truth would scorn the pioneers who ventured into new quests. They revalue the beautiful and even majestic conceptions which fitted the primitive mind. They differentiate be-

tween the poetic and mystic ideas which abide and the chaff of inferential interpretations which must be discarded. There are new investigations and analyses of the *modus operandi* of God. If God is in his world and working in it, our ideas of the world become interpreting factors in our conception of God himself. We cannot have a great God in a little "two-by-four" world, as to either space or time, nor can we have a Lilliputian God in an infinite, inexhaustible universe. There must be an equation between our ideas of the universe and the God who made and constantly remakes it.

If there is a God at all, he must be in the universe which is now being scientifically interpreted. There is no use thinking about any other kind of a world, especially the erratic world which our primitive forbears conceived. We must articulate and adjust our idea of God and his working in harmony with the world in which we find dependable order and purpose. With all their crude ideas of nature —pure illusions as we now know them—the pioneers of religious faith believed in a faithful, covenant-keeping God, who had real purposeful ends. Their interpretations are inadequate for our day, but the underlying idea is valid. Our difficulties are not with the

ancients. We can respect, appreciate, and sympathize with them. Our controversies are with those who would bind outgrown and outworn antiquities upon us. The "scribes," those custodians of traditions, have always attempted to stop the clock. They are content to hear the meaningless ticking, but it must not be connected with the hands that might indicate movement. The hands of their timepiece have come round to the noon hour, and the clock has struck high twelve. There they must stop and stay; they may not go round again to note the progress of time. The scribes wish always to be able to tell the static hour of the day, without so much trouble as looking at the clock. Therefore they stop it. Antiquated timepieces, however useful in their day or hallowed by sentiment, belong in the museums. No theological "Canutes" can sweep back the rising tides. They are amusing figures, exciting themselves with their own shoutings. But the oncoming tides always have and always will compel them to recede in ludicrous confusion. Physical science cannot discover a spiritual God, but it can furnish reasonable assumptions for believing in an intelligent, all-pervading energy, which by a spiritual appreciation we have come to know as God. Physical science is furnishing

new foundations for a new, broad, and awe-inspiring metaphysics. The boundary line between physical science and metaphysical interpretations may also prove to be a fictitious convenience. Assuming, then, the idea that there is a God in the universe, modern science gives us a new and noble apprehension of him.

Primitive men, who first felt after the mysteries of nature, attributed all phenomena to the activities of divinities. There was a pantheon of gods, ghosts, goblins, spirits, sprites, and demons that had their dwelling-places in mountains, caves, valleys, woods, fire, rain, and all phenomena of nature. They presided over all the happenings and changes in the world. Day and night, summer and winter, rain and drought, clear weather and storm, wind, fire, hail, earthquakes, famines, sickness, health, life, and death were under the control and supervision of these divinities. Any change might imply the supersedence of one god over another. Anything like an established order was unsuspected. No phenomena came within the category of the natural—that is, they were not the result of regular, dependable forces which might be studied and utilized. Under such circumstances the whole realm of ideas moved in the

vicious circles of superstition. The guesses of the irresponsible imaginations of one generation became the traditions of their descendants. It was but natural that men who gathered the lore of these happenings and invested them with an air of sanctity should come to be regarded as experts. They came to be established as cults, who knew, or were supposed to know, the ways of access to the gods. They were adepts in juggling with sacrificial bribes and interceding cajoleries, to gain the favor of their respective deities. Sincerity is next to impossible in a priestly cult. Either they deceive themselves and become "blind leaders of the blind," or they willingly deceive the people, which is far worse. Knowledge is fatal to superstition. Irrational beliefs can only be maintained in the atmosphere of ignorance and prejudice. Therefore the cult has no room for investigation which may find a natural cause. Everything must remain supernatural, mysterious, fanciful, freakish, and capricious.

When men came to suspect the pantheons of Memphis, Olympus, and other conclaves of deities, there gradually arose the idea of monotheism. This reached its highest and only permanent development among the Hebrews. Jehovah was first regarded as one

God among the gods, then as supreme over all other gods, and finally as the one only universal God, beside whom there could be no other. They developed also growing, ethical conceptions concerning the character and conduct of Jehovah. From possessing an aggregation of the moods of jealousy, envy, anger, hatred, partisanship, etc., which had been associated with polytheism and carried over to Jehovah, they came to know him in the attributes of holiness, justice, mercy, grace, and love. Here also there was appointed a priesthood to act as mediaries between God and the people. They developed an elaborate system of sacrifices and ritual, in the which were perpetuated many ideas of former superstition.

The prophets, on the other hand, became interpreters of God through nature and experience, as against tradition and statutes. The special thing to note, however, is that *all phenomena were attributed directly to God.* All creation and the control of all things in nature were under his immediate presence and direction. Such a distinction or cleavage between natural and supernatural was wholly unknown. The ordinary and extraordinary occurrences in nature or history were immediately from God. More and more the

beneficent ideas of Jehovah obtain in the Old Testament Scriptures. Many of the attributes, attitudes, and activities ascribed to him in the earlier stages fade out. Men imbued with the spirit of the New Testament cannot believe the vengeful ideas attributed to him in the earlier literature to have been justly associated with God the maker of us all. We who have come to believe in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ cannot believe that the atrocities of ancient "frightfulness" could have issued from the same God who so loved the world that he gave his Son to the death of the cross for its salvation. To link up the jealous cruelty of the ancient idea with the loving-kindness of the later conception, as belonging to the same God, involves us in the conclusions that, either God was changeable and grew better with time—and that a relatively short time—or that God was ever the same, but was seen by man through the earth-born clouds of human passion and later in the heaven-born light of a truer revelation. The change was either in God or in man; but change there certainly was. The prophets announced divine mercy, judgment, and truth as inhabiting all phenomena and history. It is God who creates and destroys. He upholds and administers

all things, and any "county line" of demarcation between natural and supernatural was wholly unknown to them.

This same idea carries over into the New Testament and far into the Christian era. Jesus reveals God in the terms of Fatherhood, and he came to do his Father's works. These works he did not regard as special innovations, peculiar to his mission. He hoped that men might recognize them as seals upon his ministry, but his emphasis was upon manifestations of the spirit rather than in the realm of matter. He felt a keen disappointment in their lust for magic and their failure to read the "signs of the times." Moreover, his own works he bequeathed to his disciples of all times. "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do." The later writers of the New Testament associated Christ with God in the creation of the world and upholding all things by the word of his power. Still there was no cleavage or line of demarcation between natural and supernatural. Whence, then, came this duality of ideas which so arbitrarily relegates some phenomena to a natural and impersonal causality and registers others as distinctly divine and of supernatural quality? Men have always regarded exceptional phenomena

as peculiar or extraordinary works of the deity; but mainly his works were achieved in the commonplace occurrences. In proportion, however, as interest and emphasis was placed upon the special rather than on the wanton events of nature and history, the deity was gradually retired, and his activities became occasional. The common course of things ran on without his immediate direction or supervision. This slowly changing idea became sharply emphasized with the advent or revival of what we call modern science, and the "county line" was regarded valid, even though it was not carefully surveyed.

The spirit of scientific inquiry existed long before positive achievements were accomplished. Such inquiry, however, has always been tabooed with orthodox conservatism as being skeptical and unhallowed. The works and word of God are too holy to be scrutinized by the secular mind. The majesty of God, his person and transcendent glory; his relationship to creation, man, experience, and history have been enveloped in sacred nimbuses promulgated by authoritative tradition, and are therefore infallibly inspired: so that to doubt or question them is high treason against religion. Man's duty is to believe, trust, revere, and obey. Inquiry always threatens

discovery or exposure. Hence that trail inevitably leads to heresy and must be met by threats and persecution.

The mind once awakened could not resist the lure of inquiry, and so the pioneers pursued the quest, accoutered with instruments of torture and in the light of the fires burning at the stakes. Frequently they ran into *cul-de-sacs* and set up the sign "No thoroughfare here." But every verified experiment blazed the trail of progress. They discovered the immediate sources of familiar phenomena and established in the mind the indissoluble connection between cause and effect. They found, moreover, that many causes could be controlled and the effects secured by the choice and will of man.

The story of modern science is too familiar to need traversing. Three hundred years of experimenting has resulted in a dissolving view of witches, demons, ghosts, sprites, and all the imaginary controls of the things that constantly occur. Nothing is left to chance and caprice. The whole universe is conceived as being held in the leash of law. From the observed results near at hand, whose immediate causes are clearly discerned, the scientific mind makes a deduction of faith—namely, that all things, those that still await

discovery or even those that may remain forever beyond the ken of man, all things have an adequate dynamic behind and within them. However far man's knowledge may ultimately arrive, it will still find an invariable law, the law of an adequate cause for every effect.

Scientific inquiry was bound to invade the realm of Christian traditions as well as the folklore of other religious faiths. When the pantheon of superstitious divinities turned out to be fictitious, the question was bound to be raised, To what degree and in what manner are the movements and events, daily observable by man, under the immediate or remote control of the one true God? May he not be as fictitious as Osiris, Bel, Zeus, Wodin, or Thor? Cannot the whole universe be accounted for in terms of matter and automatic force and the idea of spirit banished as no longer a necessary and convenient hypothesis? Is not materialism a safer and truer philosophy than spiritualism? It is there where the long warfare between science and theology arose. The whole conflict between theology and science pivots upon this discussion of naturalism versus supernaturalism. It is not a discrepancy between terms that allows a compromise by a little elasticity

of meaning. It is a fundamental way of thinking concerning radically different philosophies. One thesis would bow God out of his universe altogether, while the other would make him the Lord of all, even though he be an "absentee Lord" who occasionally visits his possessions and intervenes in the regularity of their order. Naturalism tends to end in a crass materialism that has only one near horizon and misses the inner reality of things. Supernaturalism creates an impassable gulf where God, if not locked out of a vast domain of phenomena, is at least remote and reserving only a few activities like religious inspiration, revelation, and regeneration for himself.

In the present situation this whole subject has different angles. There is a great mass of men, who, with the dissolving of fictions embedded in religious traditions, have carelessly cut themselves adrift. They are lazily drifting on the tides of selfish moods and desires and flippantly treat religion as a negligible. This class is only eager for the comforts, conveniences, ambitions, and excitements which the immediate circumstances have to offer. Achievements of character or destiny have little interest for them. There is another group who elect the tranquil peace of scientific traditions coming from a former

generation. In their minds rest the deposits of materialism, and they become static at that point. It is more congenial to follow the example of the "lotus eaters" than venture the seas of thought anew and sweat the brain on the significance of the latest developments in science. Materialism as a philosophy runs parallel with Fundamentalism in theology. They are of the same mental type, having similar canons of appeal and processes of thought.

Then there is a large class who have become static in their religious contentions. For them the revelations and inspirations of the past, not to say the traditions, have an inviolable sanctity that makes them final and complete. These contend most earnestly for a cleavage between the natural and supernatural. When pushed for answers they will admit that God is in some sense in the orderly operation of all laws; but he is above and outside of them and therefore can and does act as he pleases. In these free actions they class special creation, the miracles of the Bible, and the religious activities of the Holy Spirit. They resent the invasion of the physical scientist, who in their judgment becomes destructive of things made sacred by time-honored beliefs. The scientist has more and more crowded and changed the

"county line" and threatens to obliterate it altogether.

Parallel with these groups is another, which has not only grown weary of the conflict, but readily concedes the contentions of science and finds therein new horizons of religious interest. These men recognize the imperative necessity of a revision in theology. They have gone to school to their own children; for free inquiry and new discovery are the children of true religious freedom. These men now confer with the scientists and coöperate with them in finding a free and intelligent understanding of the universe.

The scientists themselves have gone so far and deep that they recognize the limits of materialism and have shifted the place of emphasis. The so-called mental and spiritual phenomena are not the fruits of materialism. Things are the other way round, and science has laid the foundations of a new philosophy of metaphysics which discovers far more than was lost by this shifting of the line.

To go back a little: The opposition of the Church to scientific investigation and its persecution of the new prophets of nature hounded many pioneers out of the Church, and their successors were divorced from formal and organized religion. As they gained ground

on the outside, theology yielded grudgingly the belief concerning the direct, immediate, and miraculous action of God. Theology then took refuge in a new classification. God is transcendent, beyond all human reason and experience. He is sovereign. "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" What he does in the realm familiar to us we may investigate and explain. But what he does in his extraordinary way, things which we have not yet explained by regular sequences, is supernatural and commands our unquestioned faith and reverence. These supernatural phenomena do not come within the field of human investigation. How the word of a fiat conjures a universe into existence; how at a human command the planetary system pauses in its motion for twenty-four hours; how a man can step into a fiery chariot and outride death and the grave; how three companions may walk about in a super-heated furnace without harm; and how many other miraculous happenings eventuate are not things subject to experimentation, because they are supernatural. The "county line" is fixed and must always stay there. The supernatural is not something merely lying beyond our present knowledge concerning the working of the forces of nature;

it is God working above and independent of any laws of nature. The supernatural must always be beyond our analysis; else it ceases to be supernatural. To discover the orderly working of any dependable force in any phenomena and bring it within the comprehension and utility of human mind is to deface the divine imprimatur on the act. An impassable gulf must always be maintained. It is just in this sector of assumed superiority that we are fighting the decisive battle in the history of human thinking. Will the "county line" hold in the conflict?

The scientist regards this line as arbitrary and fictitious. He is not an iconoclast, ruthlessly smashing old and sacred ideas. But he is a searcher after facts and truth. So far as he has gone, he discovers that there are regular forces working within all the phenomena of nature and that they are constantly dependable. He can predicate the movement of the stars in their courses. He reckons the equinoxes, eclipses, and conjunctions with an almost absolute accuracy. In the realm of chemistry he has built up an amount of positive data that is astonishing. In pure science he has gone far beyond the perception of the physical senses, even when aided by the use of powerful microscopes, and is com-

pelled to employ symbols as ensigns for the realities that border on, if they do not altogether reach into, the spiritual realm. That mysterious gulf is being successfully bridged. In all this research work the scientist has found nothing that does not work within the regularity of forces which we denominate natural law. From the infinite to the infinitestimal it is all regularly governed. In this quest the scientist has come upon many things, beside which the phenomena called miraculous and treasured in sacred literature shrink into a smallness that is only attractive to a primitive mind. Could the modern scientist step back into the medieval or primitive days with a few of his modern inventions, men would hound him to death as a devil, or they might worship him as a god. Yet neither he nor we regard his abilities as supernatural or place them in the categories of miracles. They are all explainable by the normal working of natural forces. Magic has always bordered on the supernatural for the primitive mind, because it confuses the eye, ear, or feelings. But we all know that our sense perceptions are dull and clumsy; and, however cleverly the magician works, we realize that there is an adequate explanation for the tricks that so delightfully fool us.

From a wide range of experiments and data now in hand, the scientist has made his deduction of the universal reign of law. He cannot conceive anything as not existing and moving within the sphere of positive order. There are rare phenomena, many of which seem independent departures from uniformity. But these are only in the seeming. They are not capricious. We do not yet know all the forces and energies that work in the universe; nor do we understand all the interlocking of these many orders and how they counterbalance each other. But we predicate their existence and order even when we lack the last complete explanation of their workings.

This discovery of the reign of law has retired many legends and traditions of religious beliefs. We do not resent this process so long as it does not touch our own sacred heritage. The conceptions of heathen faiths may go. They ought to go. They are nothing but crude impositions upon the darkened minds of uncultured peoples. But our traditions, ah, that is a different matter. They are sacredly inspired and divinely vouched for. They are sacrosanct and may not be touched by the secular hand. This the scientist cannot and will not allow. If our religion and traditions are genuine and what they claim to be, investi-

gation—honest, sincere, even reverent—will not deplete or tarnish them. At any rate, anything that claims our faith and obedience must be willing to authenticate itself to our reason and judgment. Whatever avoids that court rests under suspicion. Therefore the Christian literature and traditions must also become subject to those tests which we apply fearlessly to other faiths. The emphasis in our discussion is not, Did this or that miracle really take place? The inquiry goes far deeper—namely, whether we have a universality of law which God not only made, but also respects; or does he perform his major wonders of existence by processes of uniform laws and reserve a minor right to invade this order by miraculous intervention. In other words, has God two modes of operation: the one lawful, regular, dependable, and open to human study and coöperation; the other above all law, irregular, incidental, and mysterious, which demands reverent credulity and may not be scrutinized in a search for causality? There lies the crux of the problem.

Is the line dividing the natural from the supernatural valid or fictitious? By natural, we mean those sequences which we can trace from cause to effect and which are so dependable that they can be predicated. Anything

explainable belongs to the realm of the natural. Seedtime and harvest, sunshine and rain, sickness and health, chemical actions and astronomical deductions, together with all that science investigates, analyzes, classifies, and catalogues are natural. But that which is immediately of divine operation, above and outside of law as we understand it, mysterious and signal, belongs to the supernatural. The brooding of the divine spirit over chaos; the flashing of universal light through darkness when as yet there were neither suns, moons, nor stars; the swift, dramatic leaping into full-grown and perfect existence of all the universe by divine commands in less than a full week of time; and all the special phenomena recorded in Holy Writ—these all are in the categories of the supernatural. Can this cleavage be established and maintained? The orthodox "Fundamentalist" Christian holds tenaciously to the distinction and contends that the validity of religion is at stake in this controversy. Prove the supernatural, and all is won for religion. Lose this sector in the fight, and all is lost. Here is the Armageddon between two ways of thinking. Here the decisive battle will determine all issues.

This controversy has developed two extreme wings among the contenders. Among

the naturalists there were those who went over boldly to a soulless materialism when some frontiers of orthodox belief gave way. They assumed that matter, and the forces playing within matter, were arbitrarily fixed and that was all there was to it. All could be accounted for by this constant round of energies in which integration, disintegration, and re-integration went on eternally. From the wearying contemplation of such a universe, with perhaps no purpose or aim at all, Herbert Spencer wrote, "I do not blame men for taking refuge in dogma." But old dogmas have broken down and "cities of refuge" have to be found in new positions. The adventurous pioneers in science, the leaders and men of authority in their realm, have gone far beyond this and are discovering the foundations of a new metaphysics. But many in the rank and file of materialists and agnostics stick in the "dugouts" of two generations ago. They are too indifferent, prejudiced, or indolent to keep the pace of progress and make the necessary mental readjustments. The "Great Dianas" of materialism cannot be maintained by mere shouting any more than the frenzied mob in Ephesus could maintain the prestige of their city goddess.

Naturalism and materialism are not entirely

new in the world's thinking. The definitions have changed, and the "county line" has been shifted. The Greeks used the term "law of nature" as having reference to human nature, not to the world outside of man. Its application to the outside world came later through Roman writers. Descartes gives us a more precise definition in applying the term to the behavior of forces. To-day the circle widens and embraces all things. Natural laws are considered as a *résumé* of behaviors or activities of all forces, whether animate or inanimate. These laws, however, are so complicated as to allow for error in any general statement. Einstein's theory of relativity is said to have a "nerve-shattering effect upon many physicists."

Not only do we discover new laws, but we discover modifications in the laws themselves. They are not so fixed or necessitarian as was once supposed. The extraordinary precision blinds us to the fact that definitions can never be more than approximations. To quote Prof. James Young Simpson:

> "Any belief in the absolute immortality of natural law really transcends experience, and it may very easily be as much a retarding as a helpful attitude to assume dogmatically that the unknown is governed

only by the same laws as the known. We do not know whether such laws as have already been formulated are fundamental and primal or merely resultants. They may be the scaffolding, but it does not follow that the relations presented by them have not developed and may not be, even now, undergoing modification with secular slowness."

There are no doubt concealed laws, as there are phenomena uncalculable, which we have not and may not discover through the limitations of our senses, even with the aid of such inventions as multiply our sense perceptions. And those concealed laws may interlock with such laws as are within the range of our knowledge. Moreover, causes not only produce effects, but effects in turn react upon causes. In some cases we have found that they do not move in monotonous circles, but gradually ascend an incline. Causality itself, then, may be modified by the very results which it created and so give rise to new creations. Therefore we are in no position to affirm the immutablity of natural laws as we know them. But while we are willing to admit that all scientific knowledge is approximate, we still believe in the universal reign of law. Even in so accurate a science as as-

tronomy there have to be revisions. The circuit of Mercury in its orbit has varied some forty-three seconds in a century. And the motions of the moon are now calculated on the basis of two centuries. But there will have to be a revision. The earth's magnetic field is slowly changing. While these variations seem relatively infinitestimal to us, they are real factors to be recognized and are signposts which the scientific mind will not pass by.

All these considerations, however, confirm us in the scientific faith of a dynamic universe in which we have the reign of law, as against a static multiverse in which some things occur by chance, caprice, or independent of a regular order. The scientist, with his knowledge of law, must believe that if there is a directing, personal intelligence behind and within nature he works everywhere according to definite laws as he does in the realm which scientific inquiry has already surveyed and staked off. So far he has not found the "county line" and doubts its existence anywhere.

This position now leaves us with two problems on our hands with reference to our religious faith. First, how does this position deal with our scriptures, called the Bible; and second, where does it leave us with re-

spect to our ideas concerning God? Both of these subjects come to us enswathed in sacred traditions and are sanctified by pious sentiment. A holy atmosphere swoons around them to warn us that we are on holy ground. Truly they should and must be approached with deepest reverence. Thomas Huxley said, "The first requisite in a scientist is moral earnestness." So the first requisite in religion is an unfaltering fearlessness and faith. Truth needs never to be fenced off from one who has moral earnestness and seeks sincerely to discover and understand reality. So, then, we may "draw near with a true heart in the full assurance of faith" that we shall find what is true concerning the Scriptures and come to know God. How, then, does our present inquiry affect our view of the Scriptures?

The contention of the supernaturalist is that the Bible is a peculiarly supernatural book, crowded from beginning to end with supernatural works of God. From the creation of the heavens and earth that now are to the creation of new heavens and earth that shall be, the course of the universe is blazed with the wonder-works of God. The quality of inspiration which gave us the Bible is such as obtains nowhere else in literature. Its revelation is

peculiar and has the imprimatur of God. God acted upon the human mind in ways uncommon to human thinking, and the results are beyond the analyses of human psychology. So argues the Fundamentalist.

Being supernatural, the Bible is inerrant and consequently the final canon of appeal in matters with which it deals. It is the plenary authority in all disputes between religion and science. Just here is one of the battle fields of contention. Caliph Omar said of the Koran: "If the books agree with the Koran, they are unnecessary; if they disagree with it, they are pernicious. Let them therefore be destroyed." Perfectly logical, where we have an inerrant book of authority. And this *modus operandi* the Church of Rome pursued. The scientists as well as Church reformers were persecuted and their books burned. Unfortunately, this policy is not entirely dead to-day. There are iconoclasts even now who, if they could, would burn every book written by Charles Darwin and all his disciples. They would hound all teachers of evolution out of the schools, and there is no telling to what extent their persecutions would spread if they could kindle once again the fires of bygone centuries. The real object and powers of the Scriptures became lost when they were

canonized with such authority. In that position they have suffered serious discredit. They are shorn of their real inspiration by claiming for them any fictitious quality or authority. Along that line they are doomed to fall into neglect, and only a genuine historic criticism will reinvest them with true significance, reverence, and power.

Consider the miraculous events recorded in the Scriptures and affirmed as supernatural. Do they stand on this side or that of the "county line"? What is their validity as real, actual occurrences literally interpreted? On the opening page of the Bible we have the story of the creation of the universe in six days. Here at once the battle begins. The supernaturalist takes the field. Against him comes the geographer with his proof of the sphericity of the earth, the astronomer with his astounding numbers and sizes of other worlds, the geologist with his æons of chronology, the physicist with his minute analysis, the biologist with his evidence of developments, and many other scientists who confuse and put to flight the literal interpreter. But he comes back with some talk about gaps between verses and days standing for a thousand years or geological periods. This is a mere juggling with the Scriptures, making

them mean what they do not say. Accept the literal interpretation of Biblical chronology and creation as recorded in the Bible, and one must ignore all the sciences: not only evolution, but all its predecessors, which are all involved in the same fate. As a literal description of the creation of the universe no educated person could hear the first chapter of Genesis read without embarrassment. But, placed in its proper setting, written by one looking out upon the wonders of the universe and describing it in epic poetry, every scientist will recognize its charm and genius and feel the thrill of its inspiration. Any attempt to harmonize poetry with science ends in pathetic confusion.

Or consider some other miraculous events recorded in these Scriptures. There is no way of proving them experimentally. As Doctor Fosdick says, "They are not reproducible experiences." Who would care to venture into a fiery furnace to prove his faith in the supernatural and literal integrity of the Bible? We admire the simplicity and courage of Savonarola when he challenged the Franciscans to an ordeal by fire. But no one believes that he would have fared any better alive than did his dead body when it melted into ashes and was thrown upon the waters of the

Arno. Would anyone venture to cast a piece of wood upon the waters thinking thereby to change the specific gravity of metal and make an axhead swim? Would anyone think to charge the setting sun to linger in the west until some piece of work in hand was done? Certainly not. But why not? "If God be with us, where be the wonders that our fathers spake of," cried Gideon, and very logically so. Can anyone believe that the Decalogue was carved on tables of stone by the "finger of God"? How large were those tables of stone that a man could carry them? How large was that finger that would grave such words, and the hand behind that finger? Try to answer these questions literally, and one is landed at once in absurdity. But allow it as a figure of speech, and you immediately enter a new realm of interpretation.

Nothing like these things happens to-day. The present is dull and drab so far as physical innovations in nature are concerned. The future, it is claimed, will take on such color again at the second coming of Christ. Then will God show wonders in the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the skeptical scientists, and those who foolishly follow their theses will be confounded. For the present we must be believers in the miracles past and

future and pin our faith in the supernatural, to what has been and will be. The imagination must swing clear of all the commonplace prosaic happenings of to-day, take a flight into the past or future, combine the activities of God with the ways of man so as to leave all rational examinations behind, and demand a credulous acceptance of claims which in any other department of thought would be regarded sheer illusion.

Again, it is claimed that certain spiritual experiences of the present are to be regarded as supernatural. "The wind bloweth where it listeth; . . . so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The regeneration of the soul by a new birth, the exercises in prayer and other phenomena in the religious life are not to be explained by any law. They are the direct, immediate work of the Holy Spirit. If we could understand them they would be natural, not supernatural. Hence the advocate of the miraculous is quite as suspicious of the science of psychology as he is of biology. It threatens to discover the ways of action in the soul and find a science there just as experiments have built up a science in physical things.

In modern discoveries we have learned that there are no gaps in nature. The human eye, unaided by the lenses of the telescope, looks

at the heavens and sees only vast empty spaces between the points of light which we name stars. But the telescope, supplemented by photography and chemistry, reveals the fact that there are no empty spaces anywhere. Infinite worlds and infinitesimal electrons occupy all space.

So, to the cursory reader of the Scriptures, there seem to be long periods of silence and inactivity, when God neither spoke nor wrought. Four centuries were supposed to intervene between the last inspired utterance of Malachi and the first utterance of an angel to Zacharias. But historical study has discovered that prophetic writings and many psalms belong to that period. If a half hour's silence in heaven occasions wonderment, should we not be spellbound by centuries of silence without vision, visitation, or voice of God?

What, then, are we to do with these miracles recorded in the Scriptures? Interpret them, not scrap them. Some things once attributed to demons have been found to be diseases very common with us to-day, and they are treated scientifically, not superstitiously. Some phenomena are yet outstanding and wait further analysis and synthesis. And others must be frankly regarded as dramatic rhetoric

to represent or illustrate spiritual truth. If their value is literal, they can have no bearing upon us because not "reproducible." But if they be taken as parables of spiritual realities, they stand us in good stead and remain fountains of inspiration and encouragement. All stories of the Bible are susceptible of being translated into sustaining value for the fearless interpreter. Joshua's long day and Jesus' twelve-hour day have the same underlying significance. The Hebrews in the furnace and Peter's trials of faith by fire have the same issue. "How readest thou?" is a paramount question here. Usually the supernaturalists accuse the liberals with not believing the Bible. There is a difference between disbelieving the Bible and declining an ultra-conservatist interpretation thereof. I may reject the homeopathic theory in the treatment of disease. But I do not disbelieve in the science of medicine because I prefer another interpretation.

But what of the wonder works of Jesus? The same laws of criticism would seem to apply. Jesus certainly had no "county line" in his work. For him all were the works of God. And Jesus said, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do." He does not reset a "county

line" for his followers. What he did he did within the laws of God and nature. When we know these laws we shall repeat his works. Let us but learn the secrets of his life and works: let us reincarnate that life with his laws in our lives, and whatever he did, we shall do also. He did not live or work by magic, but by the law of the divine will. To defend his life and work without emulating them is to be an echo, not a voice; a reflection, not a light. He would have us to be inspired and revealing rather than apologetic.

The superanatural thesis passed over into Christian traditions. Many fantastic stories gathered about the life of Jesus, and Church history records many legends of miraculous power. Even to-day many reputed relics are credited with supernatural power to cure the sick, lame, and blind. To heal the sick by the aid of gradual recuperating forces, by rest, tonics, or surgical skill is natural. But to heal suddenly without the requisition of these means implies a direct act of God and so becomes supernatural. That some healings do take place is beyond dispute. They have taken place in other faiths beside the Christian religion. But where such cases are carefully studied they still come within the radius of law and order.

In the physical phenomena, the "county line" has been shifted again and again. The motions of the sun, moon, and stars were once considered supernatural. Their conjunctions were considered as determining the history, experience, and fate of mankind. Astrology was the interpreter of such destinies. But astronomy changed the line and dispossessed astrology. Eclipses were mysterious, supernatural, and boded evil spirits conquering and swallowing the good. Many primitive minds in China and other countries still think so and are terrorized thereby. We have learned their causality, and eclipses are now within the "natural county." Some of us can remember that the appearance of a comet in the sky was a harbinger, warning us of impending danger. It was supernatural, a sure sign of the displeasure of God, boding chastisement by plague or war. And as there were always some epidemics and wars conveniently near, the sign never failed. Our grandfathers placed such phenomena in the category of supernatural miracles. But we have come to learn and calculate these seemingly eccentric movements and predicate the advent of comets in the future. Halley the astronomer predicted the time the comet named after him would return. Though he knew that he

would not live to see it, he begged the younger scientists to watch. On schedule time it arrived and came across the fictitious gulf which did not exist. Only another breach in our conception of things was spanned.

When any phenomenon becomes known as to its causality and steps over the line from the supernatural to the natural; or rather, when we change the line to include it within the natural, does that phenomenon become independent of divine direction and control or lose the imprimatur of God who made and sustains all things? If the natural world is independent of God and only the supernatural is his reserve, he is already bowed out of the vast universe that science knows and may be said to have gone altogether.

That there are outstanding phenomena which science has not yet fathomed is true. Science indeed has become more modest and reverent as it has gone on. So far from claiming to explain the last ultimate thing, it too gazes wistfully upon an unknown sea which it cannot fully sail. Science does not attempt to state its findings in final definitions, much less to assume with Fundamentalists that it has reached the ultimates. It has discovered and explained the how of some things, but has not yet touched the why. But science has

revealed to us a universe with its possibilities more vast and wonderful than the world which the most ardent supernaturalists knew in former ages. And if it was true, as John Robinson said to the pilgrims sailing for the new world, that "more light is to break out of the Word," it is equally true that more light is still to break across the wonderful works of God. Both science and, I dare say, the Bible have made a beginning. Hence any religion or any science that claims supposed exhaustiveness is static, dead, and doomed to be left behind.

How now are we to think of God in a world where we have learned so much of its mechanics? We cannot make mechanism a God. We cannot reverence, adore, or worship physical forces or things, however great they are. Our little minds, which can conceive the existence and order of nature, are greater than the things which have no consciousness of themselves, however vast or ponderous they may be. There is behind and within them a mind that is orderly, creative, rational, and imaginative. And when we learn to know the universe, we are trailing that infinite reason, the Logos of all things. No scientist will deny the spiritual which is represented by thoughts, emotions, ideals, aspirations, and volitions. By

the exercise of these we come to conceive and experience the one great spirit, even God.

In extending or wiping out the "county line" we have not banished God. We have really taken him into a closer, more intimate fellowship. We come to conceive God as imminent, not distant: active in all things, not a few things. With a larger, deeper, reverent knowledge, we have come round to the mind of ancient prophets, that God is all and in all. Where their imaginations and emotions express themselves in adoration, we catch up their words and find them expressive of our worship too. We do not deny a few miracles; we affirm the whole universe to be one vast unfathomable miracle. We not only kneel before the idea of a virgin birth; we are equally awed by a familiar natural birth in which a whole *résumé* of God's work in man and history lies potential. The daily shining sun we admire more than any eclipse. The whole round of common daily occurrences are flaming bushes afire with the presence and power of God. We need no mysterious signs to authenticate the divine presence. Signs seem never to have accomplished what was intended by them. The idea of God no longer rests upon proving his intervention in natural laws. The laws themselves are far better evidence.

An absentee God, occasionally coming round to break into his own order, is not worthy of the place of glory and sovereignty which the mind demands of God to-day. All nature is sacramental and variously interpreted by poet, artist, and scientist. But all agree on God as being imminent in nature.

God, then, has not two distinct modes of action. There are specialists in all departments. The astronomer, geologist, physicist, botanist, biologist comes into contact with the same God discovered by the prophet, psychologist, and those who deal with the things of the soul. It is difficult to conceive a God who would be jealous to maintain a cleavage between his natural and supernatural works and make loyalty to him consist in a test of being credulous concerning what we do not understand and must not inquire into.

The natural and the supernatural have presented an antithesis which has raised tragic alternatives. But we must ever be on our guard against false alternatives. Antitheses may be complementary instead of contradictory. The idea of supernaturalism has steadily lost ground with thinking men. It is not abandoned; but it can only obtain where there is a lack of interest or knowledge of true science. It survives in two distinct circles.

First, among the literalists who insist that religious faith consists in believing literally the accounts and stories of the Scriptures. They contend that religion is supernatural; was born of supernatural inspiration and revelation and is attested by supernatural miracles. It is at this point where they quarrel with the liberal who does not deny any facts for which the literalist stands, but denies the explanation and regards the "county line" fictitious. Many literalists feel the embarrassment of their position and try to account for some miracles on a natural basis—that is, the waters of the Red Sea were driven back by a wind; the ram's horns fortunately struck the note of the walls of Jericho and started them vibrating until they fell; parthenogenesis in nature does partial apologetic work for the virgin birth. But unconsciously such arguments are shifting the "county line" and bringing the erstwhile supernatural within natural lines.

No student who has seen the "county line" vanish and who has recognized and experienced the divine immanence in all nature, history, and experience will ever desire the reëstablishment of a fictitious cleavage. It can only find place in a static mind, whose religion is mainly an art gallery of primitive

ideas and not a living, dynamic power. To one who sees not only with the eyes of the body and the heart, but also with the eyes of the mind, the natural and supernatural are no longer opposing ideas. We see a new horizon and feel a new experience as we realize that the whole common round of life is transfigured by Him in whom we live and move and have our being. We have lost nothing and gained much. In the newer interpretation we have an adequate equivalent dissolving of the fictitious line. We can appreciate the one-time demarcation as a theological convenience, but not inherent in the facts of our religion. The glory that excelleth makes the former glory fade as does the morning moon before the rising sun.

Lecture III

THE WIDER EVANGELISTIC MESSAGE

Lecture III

THE WIDER EVANGELISTIC MESSAGE

In the light of the changes in theological thought which have developed during the last century, and that undefined but very real consciousness of the sureness of physical science and the uncertainty of former religious postulates, what is now the evangelistic message which we are to bring to men to challenge them to achieve the end for which they were created? Some conservatives will at once answer that it must be the same message which has come down through all the centuries and has always been the power of God unto salvation. By this, however, they usually mean a particular theological doctrine of sin and its penalty, and a salvation, procured by a substitutionary sacrifice made on the cross. Pressure is put, not only on the conscience and memory, to awaken a sense of sin, but the abstract doctrine that we are born sinners is pressed, and therefore we must be born again. Evangelistic services are usually held to precipitate a crisis in the soul and bring men to an acceptance of the terms of reconciliation and peace with God. And yet it is a curious fact that this message with its pre-

sumptive power often falls dead, even where the assumptions behind it are admitted; and where they are not, it meets with no response at all. If there is but one clearly defined message which has an unfailing, divine dynamic, it should be demonstrable without fear or failure, just as any known physical force can be evidenced by repeated experiments.

A study of Church history, with its movements of reform and revival during the centuries, does not reveal that the message has always been the same unchanging address. It has shifted its emphasis and changed its color and perspective to parallel the changes that took place in the social, political, and educational development of the growing years. Of one thing many of us feel sure: that, whatever it has been, it needs to be reviewed and revised to meet the conditions of our generation. This necessity is the more apparent because the advocates of the one timeless and unchanging evangel are not only helpless before the great need, but are pessimistic of its power to save the world. They take refuge in the prophecies of evil times and the inevitable outcome of cataclysmic judgment. The gospel is limited in the number of converts and has an appointed limit of time.

In saying this, I do not mean to imply that the problems of sin, the deep needs of the soul, or the necessity of salvation change with every passing age. But the ideas concerning all these things do undergo modification; and a message that is trenchant with meaning at one time may have less or no significance at another. Every message must begin by recognizing the assumptions and convictions which are in the minds of the listeners. To fail at this point will be to speak in what the hearer regards as fiction. Jonathan Edwards' great sermon on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God" made men feel that their feet were slipping into hell. Hell represented something terrible to their minds. It was not the hell of the Bible or of the apostles, but the lurid hell of medievalism. Edwards' congregation believed in that hell. It was an assumption upon which he could build. I will not dispute the fallacy or reality of that conception. I will say, however, that no preacher could preach that sermon to-day to a congregation in that same town or church and reproduce the same effect. The audience would not know what he was talking about. We must know what assumptions are or are not in the minds of the hearers. If we need certain *a priori* convictions which are not there, then we must first

create them by education; else the message is like shouting into the woods. The traditions which left deposits and general assumptions in other days have met a severe jolt, and consequently many of the preconceptions supposed to be present are not there. This makes all the difference in the situation.

Such a self-evident proposition means at once that the evangelistic message cannot be the same at all times and among all groups of people. The missionary who goes to semi-civilized or savage peoples cannot give to them the same message that he does among the cultured people who send him forth. He must first learn their language, and, what is equally imperative, he must discover their traditions and study in what figures he may communicate with them. He may take for granted certain elemental likenesses, but as an evangelist he is dealing with interpretations rather than constitutional experiences. He must learn to adapt his message to the minds of the people if he would be successful. The same necessity obtains among people who have been cultured in different Christian traditions. We have among professed Christian communions a certain rough cleavage which is distinguished by the terms evangelical and sacramental. The high-liturgical Churches—Roman, Epis-

copalian, and Lutheran—hold that the sacraments are the chief vehicles of grace. Regeneration is found in the sacrament of baptism; and the Roman Church has seven such sacraments, from baptism to extreme unction. Every one of these is vital and necessary. For them preaching is secondary. The altar and not the pulpit is the center of worship. Here instruction gathers about the sacraments, and the emphasis is laid upon these visible and material repositories of saving grace.

With Protestants, the chief interest is elsewhere. For them the outward forms are symbols of inward grace, and the principal vehicle of blessing is in the preaching of the gospel. The word is quickened by the Spirit and becomes the power of salvation through faith. A sermon that will thrill a Protestant makes little headway with a genuine Romanist; whereas the performance of a mass, the supreme act of worship to a Romanist, strikes a Protestant as idolatry. There are different assumptions in the minds of these respective groups, and they make little inroads on one another. Beginning with different premises, they arrive at different conclusions.

Yet every one will admit that in all these diverse groups we have very genuine Christians, whose lives and works evidence the

saving grace of God. We can single out conspicuous historical characters from every Christian denomination, whom we not only regard as eminent Christians, but their devotional writings and hymns we all use in our meditation and worship.

The evangelistic message may be considered in a narrower application. The evangelical Churches have been largely recruited through revival meetings. The preaching in the general services has been mainly hortatory or doctrinal. Then, in the meetings for gathering in the lost, the preaching took on its particular notes. We think of those special periods when the Churches were refreshed by revivals as the *blütseit* (blossom time) of religion. "The Great Awakening" was associated with the ministries of such men as Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitefield, and Philip Doddridge. In the nineteenth century we have men doing distinctively evangelistic work: Charles G. Finney, William C. Burns, Dwight L. Moody, Wilbur Chapman, and B. Fay Mills. But we must remember that the application of their messages, great and notable as it was, reached only a limited group of society. It is true that the by-products of their ministries were far-reaching, but great masses of men were left untouched. The numbers so recruited were directly negligible.

The evangelical Churches never made much of the divine promises concerning the children. Theology regarded them as conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity; hence they go astray from birth. Sin was hereditary. They were all involved in the "fall of Adam"; therefore, as Dr. Shedd put it, "sin is a nature, and that nature is guilt." Little effort was made to conserve childhood beyond instruction in the traditions and discipline in conduct. Life was allowed to drift through the earlier years and until a child arrived at years of personal responsibility; the child period was not considered opportune to present the claims of sovereign grace. Then followed the seasons of special meetings and special effort to secure their conversion. In these meetings, the singing and preaching were designed to create a particular atmosphere which would awaken the soul to anxiety by bringing home a sense of the guilt of sin, urging repentance and seeking grace. The promise of forgiveness was made upon the condition of exercising faith. Some special experience of conversion was regarded as the evidence of regeneration, and the converts were then enrolled in the membership of the Church. The baptism of children in evangelical Churches is not regarded as sacramental in the sense that it produces

regeneration in the child. It is rather an act on the part of the parents, dedicating the child to God and promising to bring it up in Christian discipline and instruction in Christian truth.

This type of evangelism is still emphasized in many conservative sections of the evangelistic Church as all there is to evangelism. Special seasons are set apart in which the pastors of the Churches conduct the services. With Wesley and Whitefield, great meetings were held in the open air. Under the inspiration of men like Finney and Moody, the Churches in cities and towns united in the largest available churches or halls. Dr. Chapman associated with himself a number of evangelists, and cities were divided into groups where simultaneous meetings were held. In all these campaigns, large or small, the theological background and messages were the same.

It was in this atmosphere that I was reared, and I came into association with some of the prominent evangelists of my day. My instruction in Bible stories and the history and precepts of the Bible was carefully done; but no application of these things was made to my early life. It was all outside and independent of me and did not touch me, save as

a matter of information. Then, in a series of special meetings, the convicting power of the Holy Spirit was implored, and it came. Of course I knew I was a sinner. I knew that I had transgressed the commandments and was plainly told what fate awaits the guilty, unpardoned soul. Heaven and hell were very positive assumptions in my mind, and it was easy to work up a sense of fear and dread in my soul. I remember how I tried to feel the conviction which I was expected to feel. I caught the contagion of emotion and was able to weep as others did. I recall how one man kneeling next to me shook with trembling and perspired with an agony of mind. I tried to do the same, but that was a bit beyond a lad of twelve years. The sermons were usually calculated to beget fear. I must like Lot flee from Sodom, and like Bunyan's pilgrim escape for my life. I was counseled to seek the Saviour, but not directed how to do this, except to keep at prayer. One night, when a company of my companions said they had found the Saviour and were happy, I concluded that I too had succeeded and was consequently happy. These experiences were not illusions, and they marked clear lines in our lives, the recollection of which still inspires gratitude. There was reality in it all,

though it was very nebulous at the time, and no attempt was made to explain it.

The carelessness of youth and the atmosphere of skepticism in a home where I lived for a while allowed me to drift from those early days of fervor. When I came in contact with the next evangelistic awakening, the whole experience was different. The sermon was of a strictly forensic character. There was the law with its sanctions. But there was also a substitute who died in my place. I had only to believe, and the *status quo* was altered. It was not a question of feeling. Emotion was discredited. There was a clear, concrete plan of salvation. That many came into the kingdom by this avenue of thought I do not question. One difficulty, however, arises with such a cogent method—namely, those who use it consider it the only way of life. They ignore or nail up the other eleven gates of the New Jerusalem and miss the pilgrims who are traveling via other avenues, traditions, and hopes.

It must be admitted that the newer scientific theories, and especially the modern view with respect to the origin of both nature and man, have compelled a revision of theology. The gradual dramatic changes in the social, economic, political, and national relations of

humanity at large have set the questions of sin and salvation in entirely different perspectives. The so-called liberal theologian does not discount the tragic reality of sin. He finds it in newer forms and wider relations than our elders knew. Nor does he deny the possibility and duty of bringing it home to the individual conscience and creating a crisis in something like the old-time experience. Indeed, he holds that this is possible in many more ways than our fathers suspected. The old message did save and in some conditions will still save men, despite its crude setting. It will succeed wherever there are belated minds who remain untouched by our scientific renaissance and who can only be appealed to by a literal interpretation of the Bible. Unfortunately, its advocates do not recognize the social applications of the gospel, nor do they allow as salvation any experience that does not conform to their type.

It is supposed and stated in some circles of conservatism that liberal theologians preach salvation as issuing either from human attainment or the mechanical, arbitrary working of evolution. This we do not admit. We do recognize evolution as a rising tide on which life gradually and steadily came to a high degree of development. But we also realize

that there are ebb tides that are full of danger. There are trails back to the jungle as well as out of it. There is parasitism that degenerates as well as work that achieves. Man especially, in whom the eternal pulses have awakened and who feels the lure of mysticism, pursues the higher trails and achieves the destiny of immortality. But that end will not come solely by an inherent urge and effort. Success will never come by man's unaided initiative. He must work out his destiny with fear and trembling, but only as God works in him to do and will of his good pleasure will he come to his high calling.

The evangelistic message used to stress the warning to escape from the judgment of destruction. It was being saved from something. What one might be saved to was not large in the picture. Heaven of course was a place of unbroken rest and joy, but it was chiefly static. One arrived with a physical resurrection, and then all temptation, sin, sorrow, etc., ceased, and the soul came at once into the inheritance of complete happiness and all knowledge. There was nothing farther on. The evangelistic message of our times turns this question around. We appeal not so much to fear as to inspiration. We challenge men to accept the divine purpose

and possibility in life. Christ is come that we might have life and have it in ever increasing fullness. This appeal should be made with the very beginning of life. We do not come into the world grown men, but are born unconscious, helpless babes. But every child is a bundle of incalculable potentialities. These latencies are not all evil. The child brings a long train of inheritances from its physical ancestry. These include all the instincts which obtain in the jungle. The jungle is not left behind. It is congenitally there, always ready to work itself out in a law of self-preservation. But man is not satisfied with self-preservation; he has a genius for higher and greater things which makes the law of the jungle a "law of sin" to him.

The newer theology does not use the old figures or phrases, but it recognizes the facts and understands their far-reaching issues better than the older system of thought. It does not regard an unconscious, innocent babe as totally depraved. Total depravity can only be maintained as an abstract doctrine, based on academic logic. It won't go in the nursery, and least of all in the presence of a fond mother. A duality of disposition is plainly evident. There are tendencies which may issue in tragic consequences. There is

original grace as well as original sin. When God said, "Let us make man in our image," it may have marked a crisis where life left the low plane of the jungle and became endowed with divinely human life. But that utterance does not only fit the first man, it is the preface to every human life and fits many if not all modern men even better than the first man. Dr. Edwin Slosson, the chemist and scientist, has an excellent sermon on the first and greatest miracle of the Bible, "And God made man out of the dust of the ground." He says that that is exactly what God is doing all the time. Chemically mankind is rehearsing just this procedure always. So, if the imprimatur of God was put on the first man, it is equally stamped on every life that comes into the world. The Holy Spirit broods over every cradle to bring that life into conformity with God as manifest in Christ. We bring a spiritual as well as physical heredity from afar.

Here is an advantageous starting point. In many respects different lives commence with favorable or unfavorable conditions. Inherited tendencies may prove helpful or be handicaps. Circumstantial surroundings may be for or against successful careers. But beneath and behind these physical conditions there is a spiritual birthright—a divine spark

that may be kindled into a flame of glory. Some lives are cast in the mold of most untoward circumstances and yet win out; while others with every advantage strike the downward trail and make a wreck of character and conduct. And yet, and yet—and this we must ever remember—whether through unchosen environment or through evil choices, souls drift into the far land, God never abandons hope or effort. Highly favored is that child which finds in parents beautiful metaphors of God, for whom the earthly father becomes an interpreting factor of the Heavenly Father and the mother a mirror of the love that never faileth. Happy the child whose parents believe great things for their little babe and who, dreaming a destiny worthy of God, nurture the divine spark in the little soul. Blessed the child that is wisely appealed to and challenged for a high calling, a holy aim, and the achievement of a worthy life.

This evangelistic message must begin in the home. If it is neglected there, though it may be started later, it will never have the background or favorable soil that is furnished only in the home. I had a friend who spent ten days in the home of Garibaldi when he was in the flush of his victory and world-wide fame. He asked the great man, "What was it that

supported you in the crises of discouragement and gave you such great courage in the critical hours of personal danger?" The general told him that when a little child his mother would lead him to a table covered with a white cloth, on which was a rudely-shaped cross, covered with white paper. There she made him kneel while she dedicated him repeatedly to the great work which he afterwards accomplished. He said that her inspiration and instruction launched him on his career. Her constant prayers made him absolutely fearless in danger, for he knew that he must succeed. Alas, that so many parents let their children drift on the vagrant currents of vanity! They provide for their education, train them in manners, give them social advantages and business opportunities. All these should they do and not leave the major duty undone. Ought they not to give deeper thought to the special aptitudes of the soul? How dangerous, if not fatal, to neglect the divine genius that lies deeper than all temporal talents! It is failure at this point—failure on the part of preachers to instruct parents to become evangelists in their homes, failure on the part of parents in their chief duty toward their offspring, failure at the fountain-springs of life—that allows young life to drift among the rapids

of temptation, without the guidance of a spiritual heritage. Then, when they have been taken captive and led into the bondage of many habits of sin, the later form of evangelism is expected to do a kind of salvage work—getting them out of the wreck and making the best of life with its blighted years, instead of conserving the life entire. The image on the photographer's plate or film is invisible, but there it is; and its making or ruin lies in the development.

Youth is another period when evangelism and the evangelistic message find vital possibilities. We credit youth with carelessness and a *blasé* attitude toward all things serious. But youth has its storage of earnestness. It has very high gears of sentiment, which can be applied to worth-while tasks. A life insurance agent has little chance with youth. His appeal to them seems like a "comedy of errors." They are not calculating the mortality tables and have no dependents hanging on them. They throb with life and enthusiasm. The horizons are stretching before them. They are waiting some worth-while challenge that has in it great opportunity. What shall it be?

The appeal to save the soul from hell is for them meaningless and dead. Wail at it as

we will, wail over it as we may, here is the fact. If we could roll the years back and blot out the wide horizons and deep perspectives of nature and history; if we could narrow time and life and rekindle the imagery and presumptions of medievalism; if we could revive the fears of purgatory and hell as they obtained in the thirteenth century, and were illuminated by Dante and Milton until they gripped the imagination for half a millennium; if we could make youth tremble lest they fall immediately into such destruction, the appeal might have power. It boots nothing to shout up the medieval ideas as being real. They are not real to youth, and we cannot make them so. They can never turn back to the geographical or astronomical world of the fifteenth century; nor can they be appealed to by its theology.

Youth has few if any fears—even legitimate fears. Caution is foreign to them. They are not particular about having emergency or four-wheel brakes on their cars of ambition. Romance lures them into adventure, and they are impatient at calculating the risks involved. Then why should they be expected to calmly, soberly estimate and reckon the dangers that beset the soul? They will consider the sacrifices of heroism and respond. Has Christianity

any appeal or challenge for youth? Jesus never called young men to a negative salvation. When he said, "Follow me," it was a call to a heroic attitude and sacrificial service. The gospel has an element of heroism that is always on the side of romance. It blinks none of the hardships or dangers of life. And yet, in the face of certain persecution and even martyrdom, the young men followed him and continued with him. They became perplexed and at times disappointed; but they could not resist the challenge. The moment they understood, they leaped forward. The Master did not call aged, experienced men who waited for the consolation of Israel to carry on his work. But it was young men who faced the Jewish courts, smiled at threats, laughed at prisons, sang under stripes, and faced martyrdom with a welcome. I know that youth can exhaust the catalogue of sins and become desperately hardened. Our criminals are entirely recruited from youth. But the very desperation of that relatively small class of criminals shows what heroic things can be done if the right motives can be enlisted. It is young men who have achieved exploits in literature, politics, etc., and therefore it must be young men who shall bring in the kingdom of God. "Follow me," is the message of

Christ to youth. Youth springs to the defense of country and responds always to calls for heroism. Therefore the evangelistic appeal to them must be to the bravest latencies within them. If the divine spark has been kept alive, the appeal will not be in vain.

Evangelism with its message has mainly had the prodigals in mind—those who reached the far country. But not every one gets so far down as to be willing to be messmates with the swine. Yet most men do venture some distance in that direction and go so far that the Father's house is lost behind the horizon and the Father's presence ceases to exercise self-restraint. Some realize sooner than others that the far country has no real or permanent satisfaction. They come to themselves before the conjunction of poverty and famine combine to press them to turn about. Yet all need the same grace for repentance and the will to return. Sin has no power of self-recovery. But when once the soul faces homeward the gospel message assures the penitent that the Father's home is still there; the door stands wide open; there is bread enough and to spare; the yearning Father waits and runs to meet him; there are the robe, the vacant chair, the furnished room. There are the neighbors and friends, the feast and the music with its

dancing. All that love and grace can provide are crying, Come! come! Through all the ages the prophets and evangelists have cried, Return! return! why will ye die? It is the message of unfailing love and eternal forgiveness. It is all based on the assumption that all souls are God's and he would have all men saved.

There must be a conviction concerning sin. Even where we are not ourselves culpable, we must nevertheless have clear-cut ideas concerning motives and deeds. Sins are both actual and potential. Where the standards to which a society has attained are transgressed, sin is an act. But where we fail concerning an ideal beyond the standard we also have the virus of sin present. Men will not pursue the ideal so long as they are compromising with the standards, and therefore it is necessary to produce conviction where there is transgression. Conscience, memory, and reason must be awakened to become the court of conviction. This may be produced in various ways. We have first the conventional taboo expressed in the decalogue. That is the lowest standard and is almost entirely negative. Many may escape by that criteria. The rich young ruler was no doubt honest when he said he had kept the law from his youth up; and

Paul affirmed that by the judgment of the law he was "blameless." But to fall short of achieving the purpose of God is also sin, and here none escapes. Indeed this sense of shortcoming abides and seems to deepen with one's spiritual growth. The brighter the light the deeper the shadow. In the Scriptures the most painful expressions of the soul are not on the lips of men like David and the prodigal, but out of the hearts of Job, Isaiah, Daniel, and Paul, even when they are far on the road of sainthood.

Life also is constantly changing. We have developed social, industrial, and political relations unknown when the decalogue was published. We are living under conditions very involved and complicated. Two centuries ago life was still simple, and sins were largely personal. Now we are moving in great organizations, and sins are so complex that it is difficult to know where to assess the blame. What a corporation does cannot easily be brought home to the individuals connected with the organization. The sin seems impersonal. For example, in the late war something broke down. What was it, and who did it? We say it was national ambition and overreaching. But who did it? We can easily name those who struck the first

blow. But were all the other nations innocent victims of others ambition? "Do you bite your thumbs at us, sir?" was a question that precipitated the brawl between the Capulets and Montagues and ended in the deaths of Mercutio, Tybalt, Romeo, and Juliet. But behind it was the animosity of the households, which was a powder magazine, always ready to explode. The way of progress lies not so much in finding indictments against others as in asking the searching question, "Lord, is it I?" The organized evils of life grow out of individual sins; and wherever they exist the causes should be searched for in the individuals.

Men say that new sins are constantly developing. Perhaps not new sins, but new forms of sin and new habits and disguises in which they go abroad. With our new complex form of society, we must learn that nations must obey the decalogue and not covet, steal, or kill. Industries must be taught the sacredness of human life and rights and not infringe on them. Commerce and trade must know that it is no more lawful for a corporation or a trust to do evil than for the individual. Capitalists and laborers must understand that they cannot combine to do things collectively which are prohibited individually.

And all this is still on the negative side of the issue. Great organizations cannot escape the responsibility of idealism. If the purpose of organization is to make larger things possible, it is their duty not only to evade flagrant transgressions, but to achieve brotherly and divine ideals. Here, then, is a very large ground on which to appeal to men. We may have a collective conviction of sin. A public conscience is a relatively new thing, and it has a genuine function. As in the body when one member suffers all members suffer with it, so in society every man should feel the responsibility to repent and labor for the new birth.

The evangelist who can meet the needs of the day must be one who recognizes that the line demarking the boundaries of transgression is constantly shifting. The conventions which embody the history of long experience are never complete, because experience is never finished. The standard of ethics which is recognized in the Bible has shifted repeatedly. What was permissible to the patriarchs who achieved friendship with God is taboo with us. And so the line is constantly pushing on. Hence the great evangelist is one who discerns the newer forms of sin as well as old forms and rises saying, "It is not lawful for thee—"

We must recognize also that the experience of conviction and conversion is not something that happens once for all. It is true that life is in a general way molded by a few sharp crises. Kipling said that our lives turn upon a few pivots. There are several critical periods in which we have to make decisions of grave moment. When these are summed together, the time involved may be less than an hour, but they determine the tides of life, whether they be flood or ebb tides. The same is true of our religious history. We are not fighting Armageddon battles every day or hour. There are decisive victories or defeats that determine the trend of our years. But the same temptations and dangers beset us all the time between the great crises, and we must ever be on guard and warn others also. So, then, one act of conversion does not pay all the premiums on a non-elapsable eternal life insurance policy. The premiums have to be kept up with a constant growth in the Spirit. The conviction and confession of sin are unremitting in a true Christian life, and the grace of forgiveness is imminent for all who call upon Him. So the once-for-all thesis passes away. It does not work in physical biology, neither does it obtain in the life of the spirit.

A deeper and more refined form of convic-

tion of sin obtains when we realize the other side of transgression—namely, the failure to reach the highest attainment of character, or neglect of a perfect service. We not only do the things we ought not to do, but by far our greater debit account lies in not doing the things that we ought to do. We are all called to incarnate the life of the Master and do his works. When we fail there, the light that is in us becomes darkness, and we not only become blind ourselves, but leaders of the blind who fall into the ditch because of us. And who of us meets this positive side of our calling? We all need the message that will revive us and inspire us to follow on.

Unless this aspect of the gospel finds strong emphasis, the negative appeal to escape judgment will only work a fractional salvation. The house may be "swept and garnished" repeatedly, but unless it is indwelt by the Divine Spirit, inspiring holy living and devoted service, the old desires will return and have an orgy of indulgence, worse than at first. The latter condition then becomes the worst, because the soul is deceived into thinking that it has passed the crisis "once for all"; and like a disease that tolerates the medicine, the things that once stirred the soul with conviction are now neutral and powerless. There-

fore we need the message to continue in the faith and high calling.

Evangelism cannot afford to ignore the expanding horizons of new discoveries and wider ranges of truth. Where we have simple folk with primitive minds, people who have no knowledge or appreciation of the vastness of time and space—the staggering facts of astronomy, geology, and other sciences—there may be an application of the gospel within the limits of a literal conception of the ideas and pictures presented in the Scriptures. But for those who have only so much as the by-products of scientific research work there must be interpretation of the dramatic colors of the Bible. They do not grow less real, significant, or interesting by interpretation, but more so. Suppose I tell the story of the "fall of man in the Garden of Eden," and suppose I prove it to the satisfaction of a primitive mind as literally true, I only beget a condemnation of that first man as being a fool and, by his one ill-advised, childish indulgence, cheating all humanity out of a life of ease and comfort. I make him the scapegoat of all my own meanness and sin; or I raise the question concerning the justice of my having to bear the entail of his folly. But if I interpret and bring the story down to date; if I learn that I too was

innocent and when faced with the alternative of good or selfishness I chose the evil; that the gate closed upon my Paradise of innocence and I can never get back; that I must work out my salvation in sorrow and sweat of an agonizing purpose to reach that New Jerusalem on the far horizon; bring it home to me that all this is not a single story of six thousand years ago, but has all transpired within my own bosom, and then I will fall to the knee and cry, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

The newer knowledge does not change the facts of life or experience. We do not change a disease by recognizing it, learning its diagnosis, or giving it a new name. Sin and sorrow are just as real, though we accept the theories of evolution and modern psychology. Whatever man's origin was or however explained, he is a sinner needing salvation. The newer science, if it does anything, should make the remedies for disease more available; and the newer theology, if it has any merit, must make the provision of grace more available for the saving of mankind. To give us a knowledge of disease without discovering a cure is to make us more miserable.

Here, then, our change of views concerning the Bible and its interpretation must be found practical and effective. We do not, we dare

not, discredit the power of the message as given in other times. It is for those of us who believe in the newer conceptions of the gospel as being equal, wider, and of stronger potency than simpler views to bring the message to bear upon all life. The glory of science lies not in the wonders which it reveals, but in the discovery and articulation of the laws that underlie all majestic phenomena. And the glory of the newer theology lies in the same groove—namely, that we are learning the laws that underlie the integrity of the spiritual world and are thereby the better able to do our great work, not on a hit-or-miss basis, but with the same assurance that a physical scientist does his work. Science consists, not in demonstrating that a thing was done once, but that it can always be done. And a living religion consists, not in proving that God once did some outstanding thing or things, but that he is always working. If he inspired men of old, he inspires them to-day; and whatever he did yesterday he will do now also.

A very prominent musical man, whose profession has kept him at church service by reason of his being a choir director, said to me: "You preachers are neglecting a great topic in that you do not preach about hell. Preach more hell—more hell." I will not

attempt to say what I think inspired this comment, but I wonder, is he right? With a few exceptions even the orthodox evangelists are not strong on this subject to-day. It had a prominent place in the preaching of Edwards, Finney, and other evangelists. The preaching of the ministers of their times generally had something positive to say about hell. Then the emphasis swung round to the love of God, until men said that God was too loving or too weak to punish men for their sins. "Why don't you preach more about hell?" repeated the musician. "Well, do you believe that there is a hell?" "No, I can't say that I do." "Then why should I preach about it?" "Well, because I think there ought to be a hell." If there really ought to be such a thing, then there is. And many people feel that there should be. The old assumption of a hell, which was the reflection of the cellar of a baron with its torture chamber, has happily passed out of mind. But we must raise the question, "Is there nothing to fear?" Fear is a very real and valid motive in life. We learn to fear mistakes with reference to the physical forces in nature. A misstep, an accident begets pain and torture for many days and sometimes permanently. Shall physical transgressions have sanction and

moral turpitude be without consequences? Said a student to a group of professors in a university, "You give us a knowledge of the laws and forces of nature; but we do not go out with the fear of God in our hearts." Nor did that same knowledge beget a love of God in his heart. One may raise the question whether it is the business of a professor of practical science to inspire either the fear or love of God in students' hearts. If he is a materialist who sees nothing within or behind nature save mechanistic processes, if he is a man of one horizon, he naturally cannot communicate spiritual inspiration. Such a man is even more belated than the man who has a spiritual experience, but knows nothing of science. He misses everything. But the man who believes the world is spiritual should so interpret nature as to inspire both fear and love. Certainly the religious teachers and preachers dare not fail here.

We know that the distinction between good and evil is as genuine as that between sickness and health. And we know that consequences will be consequences. Whatever a man sows, that shall he reap. He that sows sin shall reap corruption. This reality is more dramatically pictured outside the Bible than in it. Review again your great works of literature and see if

you do not find the fangs of that serpent remorse biting backward. The highly colored descriptions of the Apocalypse or the paintings and poems of the medievalists were symbols. They were not intended to be taken literally. John Jasper and William Sunday may rant about the literalness of these dramas, to the amusement of intelligent persons, and thereby provoke a tendency to reject all idea of consequences because of such travesties. The Bible has no geography of hell. As the kingdom is spiritual and within us, so hell burns within the soul. To know God and live in him is peace and joy. That is heaven. To be alienated from him, vexing our souls, that is hell. There is no rest save in him. Thompson's great poem "The Hound of Heaven" illustrates it. Memory and conscience can light fierce, hot flames within the soul.

Again, men create social hells. There are groups of men and women who live in sin and crime, a hell than which we can scarcely imagine anything worse. There are industrial hells where the fires of discontent and avarice and hate burn constantly with increasing heat. There are national fires of ambition and revenge that scorch the soul. These hells are not fables. Society and science can give us pictures of hell as real as those of Milton or

Dante. The Gehenna fires outside of Jerusalem were for the destruction of the offal of Jerusalem, and the laws of abuse or misuse will work disintegration, decay, and death to the soul as certainly as lawlessness will destroy the body.

There are also pictures which Jesus sketched wherein he warns us to avoid the danger. I am aware of the fact that theology has grafted on these illustrations interpretations which have no currency in the thought of to-day. But if we put these into a museum of bygone interpretations, we must find deeper and real meanings in them for to-day. For example, Jesus pictured in colors more brilliant than those of Rubens the consequences of neglect. Dives burns in some kind of a flame that eats out his very soul with the torment of memory against the background of an irrevocable past. Two terrible words serve to turn on the panorama horror, "*Son, remember.*" Professor Agassiz once had himself lowered far down in the crevice of a Swiss glacier. When he had finished his observations and had given the signal to be drawn up, he was left a long time before the upward motion began. He almost despaired of ever getting out. It was discovered that the attendant had gone for help, because he could not lift the scientist to

the surface. He was equal to the weight of the man, but they had both failed to calculate the additional weight of the long, long rope. Memory is something that is often left out of our calculations and specific warnings. It has terrible powers of gathering the fagots of the past and building a hot fire of martyrdom out of misspent opportunities. When John Randolph was near his end, he said to his physician, "On the reverse side of that card which bears my name you will find one word that sums up my experience". The Doctor read the one word, "*Remorse*" It is the serpent in memory which strikes backward with a fatal bite. Jean Jacques Rousseau said, "Had I known beforehand what I would become, I would first have hanged myself." Granted that medieval theology exaggerated the meaning of Gehenna fires, it yet remains true that they must have a terrible significance.

Men sometimes tell me that the Bible is no more inspired than the writings of Shakespeare, Hawthorne, and Hugo. I will not argue the question. "Hast thou appealed to Cæsar? To Cæsar shalt thou go." Follow Arthur Dimmesdale in the tortuous windings of his memory and conscience, and you see the unquenchable fire and the worm that dieth not. Hester Prynn wears the scarlet letter on her

breast as she works out her redemption, while Arthur carries the scarlet letter, branded by the fires of hell, within his own soul. Watch through the long night with Jean Valjean; see him throw the evidences of his past into the fire and urge the good that he has done. When all is consumed, he hears the mocking laugh, "Cleverly arranged." But the fires of the soul burn on. The worm of memory haunts him in his dream of visiting Romainville. Everywhere he meets his haunting ghosts. He hears the bell of doomsday striking from the belfry clock. He cannot drown that mocking voice within his soul. Saul heard it in the cave of Endor. David heard it in the night watches. Judas heard it in the jingling silver that burned his soul and the mocking words, "See thou to that." Faust sees all in the grin on Mephistopheles' face.

Gather together the great creations of Shakespeare. He is the greatest artist of the human emotions of all time. His might is seen in the terrible tragedies. The Danish prince trembles with a bodkin in his hand with which he may end a miserable life. But the untried, mysterious bourne stretches away before him, and he makes confession for all mankind in his hesitation, "Thus conscience

doth make cowards of us all." His uncle-father tries prayer as an expedient to disentangle his sins and their consequences. But, like Esau, he finds "no room for repentance," and his attempt at prayer closes with the despairing wail: "O bosom black as death! O wretched state! O limed soul that struggling to be free art more engaged!" Is not this a fire of Gehenna? Macbeth is a better psychologist than his wife. He realizes that his red hand will sooner incarnadine all the seas than can a little water wash the blood of Duncan from his soul. Sin plucks on sin as he goes his fearful course, always followed by the cry, "Macbeth doth murder sleep." And vainly does Lady Macbeth rub at the spot on her hand from whence the water had long since cleansed the royal physical blood; but naught can cleanse the conscience. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten that little hand; then, alas, what can sweeten the guilty soul? Run through again the play of Richard III, and pause at Duke Clarence's dream, who for a long time after thinks he is in hell. Watch the hardened Richard as he comes near the end of his bloody trail. He finds that all his sin had followed him and found him out; then all throng about the bar of judgment, "crying, Guilty! guilty!" Go on

through "Othello," "King Lear," and all his tragedies, and say whether Shakespeare believed in the fires that cannot be quenched or the worm that dieth not.

The evangelist, then, must have a place for this warning note. Never was there a time when this message was more needed nor a time when it could be so strongly enforced by considerations of science. But he may not leave souls in the hells of their own creation. He must find the avenues back to the realms of peace, through repentance and redeeming the time.

The evangelistic message is one of salvation which centers in the Saviour. It gathers about Christ, not a theology concerning him. Henry Drummond complained a generation ago that too many evangelists were trying to save men by a logical syllogism. He that believes shall be saved—major premise; you believe—minor premise; you are saved—conclusion. I remember evangelists who said, Feeling has nothing to do with it—only believe. Swallow a mental prescription, and it is done. Men were encouraged by an illustration. The criminal must pay. Christ is a substitute and paid all; hence the prisoner can laugh at the jailer and executioner and walk out scot-free.

The message must bring us to Christ. Salvation comes by the inspiring touch of the Holy Spirit through him. It does not consist in the change of legal status, but a changed life. We come to God by Christ. Christ is God in the terms of human personality, in whom we see the Father. When I first came to him, I instinctively loved and trusted him. But with time he became, not transfigured, but shrouded in metaphysical fogs. His glory faded until he became a symbol in the chancel, a historic figure of the far years, or the theme of theological debate. What I need is not some cogent, consistent thesis about him. I need him immediately, spiritually, really. I must get behind the creedal, traditional, symbolic, ceremonial portraits of Christ and come into fellowship with the living Saviour. The gospel story puts me on the clue, but I must find him in daily experience. My imagination may trail him through Galilee and Judea, but I must find his companionship in New York or wherever I may be.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me." Better bring them to Him. It is impossible to analyze the simplicity and quality of a child's faith. It is not necessary to do so. It is instinctive. There is a constitutional relationship between God and them which makes

them akin. They trail clouds of glory when they come into the world. The crass temptations of a material world and the artificial crowding of society have not yet infected them. They cannot escape the battles of temptations, the allurements of sin, the miseries of sorrow. These are part of the appointments of life, and we all come geared for them. But we have not yet tried how far life may be made immune to evil, if childhood finds a growing salvation. Immunity rather than cure should work in morals as well as physics. If children can be guided in a life of recollection, they will escape the quicksands of carnality and bestial degeneration.

Jesus reckoned the little children as constituent members of his kingdom. Then why not assume that birthright and teach them what they really are? A child has been and may ever be filled with the Holy Spirit from birth. When we consider what the Roman Church accomplishes with childhood by way of sacraments and indoctrination with ideas which they cannot shake off in a lifetime, we Protestants are culpable in our great neglect of our children with reference to their spiritual birthrights. They belong to God. The divine spark is in them, and duty is not done with christening them; they must be trained for the Lord.

This type of evangelism belongs primarily to the home. What a privilege! Yet how neglected! We care for their physical necessities; supply them with garments and pleasures; sacrifice for their education; and cherish ambitions for their material successes. But the first admonition of God is, "Take this child and train it for me."

The minister must bring this home to parents. He must instruct and inspire them for this task. He must tell them that as they would consider it disgraceful to allow strangers to care for their physical necessities, they may not turn their children over to volunteer guidance to receive a smattering knowledge concerning their deepest needs. A good Church school should supplement the home training, but not be a charitable society ministering to religiously neglected childhood. So, then, the message here is one of conservation.

Jesus' message to youth was one of challenge. He seems to have taken for granted that young men were either seeking him or his ideals, and his word to them was always, Follow me. He enlisted his first disciples with this call, Follow me. They soon became evangelists, saying, "We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote." We

may now add, Him of whom every idealist of all times dreamed, the desire of all nations, the revealer of God and lover of men is come. Those who accepted his challenge have never been disappointed in their search, confidence, or expectation.

The life of youth soon becomes a tangled skein. The cross lights of the world with its vanities and luring ambitions, the undercurrents of temptation, and the cross currents of indulgence make it a hard world. Yet youth is the time of the noblest movements of the soul. Youth feels the romance, the pathos, the tragedy, and the glory of life. Amid it all is the divine spark, not seeking now to maintain itself, but to realize itself in character and deeds. What it needs is challenge to heroic action. The exploits of chivalry have more allurement than soft indulgence. The heroisms of war have been more readily followed than the "weak piping times of peace." The exploits of faith have more charm than the indulgence of the flesh, when clearly presented to youth.

The message to youth should not be involved or burdened with the impedimenta of accumulated philosophic speculations concerning the person of Christ or the doctrines of justification and the ways of salvation. Doc-

trine has little appeal to youth, and in the few cases where it does get in it has a tendency to create a pharisee. Youth follows the gleam of imagination, not the treadmill of logic. Everything is not logically clear to the enthusiast at the beginning. Every hero is more or less of a mystery to his followers. The followers are held fast by a loyalty that sweeps difficulties and disappointments aside. Let them see the hero himself, and they go cheerfully along.

For youth the pathway must not be pictured as one of ease, comfort, and convenience. Jesus never enlisted his disciples with compromise conditions. He set out the stern conditions. I have at times halted beside camping parties in the deep woods and wondered what they get out of it all. And they do it for pleasure! I have come to the years where comfort, appetizing meals served on neatly covered tables, soft beds, and easy-riding vehicles are enjoyable. Did I ever like roughing it; the simple fare badly cooked; the frail tent leaking rain; hard cots, long marches, steep climbs, and everything full of toil and weariness? Ah, yes. It was all mine in the days of youth; and far better than what my aging years enjoy. And all for pleasure. What will one not do for duty? Youth will

respond to the hard road, rough experiences, the sacrifice, and the martyrdom of the cross. Make no mistake about youth. When the young Red-shirt army of Italy asked Garibaldi, "What shall we have?" he answered, "Hardship, hunger, weariness, wounds, sickness, pain, death—and THE LIBERTY OF ITALY." Then they cheered and followed to death and glory. Set forth the Christ, his life and character, his ideals and achievements, his kingdom and hopes, his promises and immortality, and youth will respond with loyalty to the death.

For many the stream of life has plunged into the rapids, cataracts, and whirlpools. The divine spark in childhood was not conserved, either through ignorance or sin. The challenge of youth was not presented, or was neglected. Life has been hard hit with failure and sin; memory has become an archive of painful recollections and the conscience a chamber of horrors echoing with dismal despair. Some have not made moral plunges or flagrantly flaunted the conventions and standards of age-long prohibitions. Still the mortifying sense of an irrevocable past, a strong bias toward sinful indulgence that is a constant handicap, together with the tangled skein, in which sin involved other lives and cannot be

unraveled—all this bites at the heels. I need not go on with impossible descriptions. "Every heart knoweth its own sorrow." A little serious seance with memory and conscience brings every soul that is at the noontide of life to a mood of regret, repentance, or remorse.

And what is the gospel here? Is it the Nemesis of incurable disease; the iron necessity of fate and the inevitable consequences through cause and effect? Such issues seem to thunder on every side. It is to surmount such sequences that the gospel is proclaimed. I cannot stay to argue or illustrate the remedial agencies that abound amid these seemingly iron-bound conditions. There are restorative powers as well as punitive forces in nature. What I am interested in is the sure remedy and its immediate application, not the laboratory analysis or its *modus operandi*. Here I dare venture a bold statement, that Jesus never raised the question of sin upon a sinner. He accused the scribes and Pharisees of blindness and ignorance because they boasted that they saw and understood all truth. He exposed the play-actor—the hypocrite—because he played a part and was not real. He said to the cultured sect of religionists, "Ye must be born again; else you cannot see or enter the kingdom of God." But the convicted,

regretful, broken-hearted sinner he never brought to the bar of judgment. The publican with his sentence prayer he sends home justified. The returning prodigal he welcomes home, cutting his confession short with a kiss, calls for the feast, and sets on the frolic of joy. The woman at the well-side sees as in a flash all her past and in a moment is face to face with her Saviour. The customhouse grafter, Zaccheus, he greets as a son of Abraham and inspires him to be both ethical and to become the philanthropist of his city. To the convicted culprit, abandoned by the court, accusers, and witnesses, he says: "Hath no man condemned thee? . . . Neither do I condemn thee. Sin no more." He became the guest at a feast where publicans, harlots, and sinners were invited, and it was a scene that made the angels sing with joy.

He has power to loose men from sin. "A bruised reed he will not break, and a smoking flax he will not quench." He fans the spark into a divine flame and makes the bending reed a pillar in the temple of God. No man can sympathetically consider the interviews which Jesus had with men and women, whose lives were broken in the tragedies of sin, without its awaking in his inmost soul that prayer which none of us ever outgrow, "God be merciful to

me a sinner." And when that prayer rises in the heart the gospel response comes swift and sure: "Go in peace. . . . Thy faith doth save thee whole."

Lecture IV

CATHOLICITY IN WORSHIP

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"O come, let us worship and bow down:
Let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker:
For he is our God."

To have uttered these few words and secured for them a place in the world's sublimest literature, whence they strike an inspiring challenge across the centuries, is worth a whole life-time.

The prophets are men who brood under the eaves of eternity. They catch a vision of a divine presence, purpose, and power and summon men to fall into step with the Almighty. Moses finds a *cul-de-sac* on the shore of the Red Sea. He cries unto his God, and above the noise of the waters, the wailings of his people, and the shouting charioteers he hears the command, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward"—words written across the skies to encourage reformers in all ages. Samuel and Hosea, seeking for the places of true emphasis, say, "To obey is better than sacrifice; . . . I will have mercy and not sacrifice." A voice in the wilderness cries,

"All flesh is as grass, and the glory thereof as the flower of the field."

Micah wrote in letters of gold, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good: . . . be just, and kind, and live in quiet fellowship with your God." The world's great movements were set going by a few great souls, and these leaders learned to concentrate their passions in a few memorable utterances.

Here is a prophet who, standing among the wonders of nature, the memories of history, and feeling the mystic awe of the Divine Presence, summons us to the devout act of worship. It is the supreme act of the human soul. The capacity to worship divides man from all other creatures by an impassable gulf. It predicates something common in God and man; it supposes a trysting place where they can meet: it is the divine imprimatur, stamping man in the image of God. "Let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before Jehovah our maker."

Have we learned how to worship God? Are we masters in this mystic art? Immediately we answer, "Of course we understand the acts of worship: else what is the significance of our weekly gatherings at shrines specially dedicated for such religious activities?" We sing our praises and prayers; we

adore the elevation of the host, or the stations of the cross as imagination conceives them; we go through the liturgies, elaborate or severely plain; we attend divine services with sacramental or evangelical forms. But have we really worshiped God in spirit and in truth? Have we, by clairvoyant vision, looked through the things seen at the things unseen and eternal and by an act of faith touched the hem of divine power and experienced the burning of the heart?

The woman whom Jesus encountered in Samaria worshiped with her people on Mount Gerizim. But the Master said, "Ye worship that which ye know not." Nor did he underwrite the elaborate sacrifices in the temple at Jerusalem. Place and form are incidental; spirit and reality are vital. Any place is holy ground where the soul communes with God. No place and no form is sacred if it leaves the soul in the outer court of material things. Worship is not any specific act of prayer, posture, song, or recitation of a creed. It may employ all of these, but worship is real only when the spirit succeeds in communing with the Spirit of God and experiences adoration, aspiration, gratitude, and submission to the will of God. If the soul does not cross that mystic line where the material

merges into the spiritual, where it is lifted above the oppression of time and sense, no matter how elaborate and sensuous or severe and factual the service, it has not in a real sense worshiped God.

This does not mean that ritual and ceremony are unimportant. They are often a necessary vehicle of worship. But they are means to an end and may not be substituted for the end. Fine leather, good paper, and clear type do not constitute a good book. They are the media of thought, and noble, inspiring thought may find expression through very modest material. Transmitting and receiving instruments, connected by wires, are not ends in themselves, but we should seek the best conductors of sound by which one mind communes with another through a transference of thought. The spirit of God will employ any and all vehicles by which it can come into fellowship with the spirit of man, and every man should seek and be left free in those exercises by which he can find the readiest and most real access to divine things. Temperament, traditions, and training have much to do with the selection of forms best suited for worship.

The true worshiper will always be catholic in a comprehensive and inclusive attitude

toward all seekers after God. Worship involves thought, emotion, and expression. True thinking involves a catholic exercise of the mind. The man who is only acquainted with and interested in the local things of his immediate generation and group cannot be a broad thinker. The catholic mind must survey the broad ranges of history, exercise a vicarious imagination, and feel its way along with the pioneer adventurers of thought; march with the progress of the centuries; be interested in all things that have come within the range of discovery and are allocated in the fields of knowledge; gaze wistfully into the unknown and venture a thought, a guess, and confidently greet the unsurveyed areas of existence. No one can know all the field, but one can be in sympathy with and hopeful toward all realities that are known.

Feeling, too, should be a catholic exercise of the soul. It is more than a momentary sensation responding to that which is immediate. A race consciousness is potential in every soul, and a noble soul finds it possible to appreciate the moods of primitive man, fall into step with his emancipation from the fears of superstition, and sympathize with the wide ranges of emotion which obtain in the world to-day. He will also project imagination

into the future and feel the glow of anticipation. A true worshiper who learns to commune with God will find his heart to be a harp with a thousand strings, vibrating with the fears, hopes, and aspirations of all humanity.

True worship will also be catholic in its forms of expression. No liturgy or ritual, however canonized by ecclesiastical authority or made venerable by custom and tradition, can exhaust the moods of the soul. No branch of the Christian Church has a patent or monopoly upon the true form of worship. The simplicity of psalm-singing appeals to some, while high-churchism which makes a rite the test of piety—whether Romanist, Episcopalian, or Baptist—is adapted to others. The "Quakers" get along without either and yet produce very devout worshipers of God. Temperament and training are very dominant factors in these several preferences.

I dare to say that no religion has an exclusive right in true worship. In every nation, he that fears God, works righteousness, and aspires to nobler living is acceptable with God. We may conduct a study in comparative religions, but we ought not to exercise competitive religion. Christianity rightly understood—namely, catholic—does not monop-

olize a faith in and communion with God, but mobilizes the faith in all religion and merges it in catholic worship. Coöperative and supplementary worship will strike many trails that lead the soul to God. And, therefore, only a catholic sympathy that can sound the octaves from the lowest notes to the topmost bent of human thought and feeling can adequately worship God.

To illustrate this necessity for catholicity of spirit, I remind you that there is a root element of sincerity in all worshipers. The thing that binds humanity into one is not a common experience, but a common quest. Experiences will vary always. But the search after God remains with us all. One man makes an image and encases it in gold, while a poorer man will choose a tree that will not rot. This tree will furnish him with fuel to warm him and roast his meat by its embers. Of the remainder he makes an idol; bows down to it; worships it and, praying, cries, "Save me, for you are my god!" In all this there is deep ignorance, but sincerity. A worshiper may grasp a crude fetish in his hand, cast a child into the Ganges, or fling himself before the Juggernaut car of his god—he counts no sacrifice too precious to offer to the God whom he sees through a distorted vision. Yet that man is my brother.

He is tortured by fallacies and fears. He may be as good—he may be a better man in his unrefined, superstitious loyalty than I, who with a smug complacency, born of my inheritance in cultural traditions and training, feel a snobbish superiority which pricks me down as a pharisee.

A true worshiper will link arms with his barbaric brother, a seeker after God, and modestly try to show him the more excellent way. He will appreciate the first faint, faltering steps upon the altar stairs that lead to God, even as a tender mother regards the first wavering attempts of her child to walk. And whether these seekers after God fall like the primitive man, broken and bruised at the foot of the stairs; or whether, halfway up, they stretch forth lame hands of faith as they faint on the ascent; or whether they be mystics who pierce the dark way and learn immediate fellowship with the ineffable presence, the true worshiper will experience a fellow feeling with them all.

To a true worshiper the sectarian cleavages in the Christian Church are painful. He can appreciate that some particular theological thesis or liturgical form may become the medium of finding access to God, the Spirit, but he will of necessity grieve at any spirit

of exclusiveness which denies the reality and possibility of other approaches. Exclusiveness is an evidence that one has not gotten beyond the material domain and emerged into the lofty experience which transcends the ability to rationalize or bind in forms. He is still in the shallow, land-locked pool and not out on the high seas of God. It must be with all the saints that we apprehend the immeasurable dimensions of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Wider and ever wider are the ranges into which the imagination of the worshiper may travel. He may mingle his adoration and praises with the saints in glory. It is a very solemn moment when, in the Hebrew synagogue, the mourners who have recently been bereaved stand and recite a kaddish for the dead. It is a time-honored custom which, a learned rabbi informed me, held the Jewish people faithful to the God and hopes of their fathers in the days when persecutors sought to exterminate them.

May not the Christian worshiper who claims the cleansing blood of Christ and the sanctifying grace of the Spirit seek to blend his voice with that of the cherubim who sing their ascriptions to God in the highest? We may not be able to pray for our dead because

we do not believe or think of them as dead. "The holy dead" may be a convenient phrase, describing those who are not present in sensible bodies. But "the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their departure is taken for misery and their going from us to be utter destruction; but they are in peace, and their hope is full of immortality; for God hath proved them and found them worthy for himself." The Christian believes that they are brought off more than conquerors through Christ. Therefore are they before his throne, worshiping in the beauty of holiness. The thought of our uniting with them in worship is thrilling and awesome. The "Te Deum" is the most catholic composition which we possess. We do not know its origin, but it was translated from the Greek by Ambrose and sung by the congregations in public service.

"We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee
to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father
everlasting.
To thee all angels cry aloud;
The heavens, and all the powers therein.
To thee cherubim and seraphim continually
do cry—
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.
The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.
The noble army of martyrs praise thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;
The Father of an infinite Majesty;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter."

We may still, while in the flesh, use forms of prayer which do not relate themselves to the experiences of the "spirits of just men made perfect." But the Church in glory ever celebrates the love of God revealed in the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross. The heirs of eternity can never forget the "hole whence they were digged." Who in that heavenly throng cannot join the song "All hail the power of Jesus' name"? They gather up the memories of time and worship God for their creation, preservation, and redemption in Christ Jesus. They carry their ascriptions and Te Deums into heights of imagination and emotion which are beyond us. But we may join the Halleluiah Chorus and be lifted above all the trammels which hold us down with the clanking chains of our mortality.

In worship, then, the soul may tread all the centuries, mingle with all who have sought and found God, cross the threshold of eternity, and, as those risen with Christ, seek those things which are above. Absolved from the tyranny of time and space and all the limitations of the muddy vesture of things material and temporal, the soul may enter the vast mystery of the infinite and worship God in the beauty of holiness—worship him in spirit and in truth.

Worship comes to its climax when it passes into the realm of the mystical. We admit that the spirit penetrates and permeates the material. But they must be spiritually discerned. To be blind to the spiritual is to be a materialist. Literal interpretation of nature, scriptures, or religion is materialism. The natural or unspiritual man rejects the truths of the Spirit of God, and he cannot understand them. . . . The spiritual man can read the meaning of everything—what no eye has ever seen, what no ear has ever heard. The spiritual man may rise above all forms and symbols of materialism—till spirit with spirit doth meet. In such communion he goes beyond all rationalism also. We are prone to demand that all things shall be clear and concrete in the mind. The mind that is satisfied with conceptions of God and Christ and atone-

ment and immortality and eternity that are understandable is moving on the low plane of materialism. The theology which can satisfactorily explain the deep things of religion is a shallow theology and suited to shallow minds. The height of worship rises beyond all that we can express or think. It moves in adoration upon the fringes of eternity. Theology is like a river upon which the soul may sail seaward, but the soul must go beyond all the land-heads of materialism and rationalism to come into the deepest communion with God. But in mysticism no man can be a pilot for another. There every one must sail by the eternal stars. In our discussions we must remain nearer shore.

Men object to and sometimes rail at mysticism. But anyone acquainted with the history or, better still, the experience of the mystic knows that it is the very essence of religion. The songs of Zion are richly colored with the imagery of nature. Sun, moon, stars, clouds, rivers, trees, mountains, storms, thunder—all things in nature are laid under tribute to express the emotions and imaginations of the soul. The songs of ascent, sung by the pilgrims in coming to Jerusalem, are rich in symbolic drama. But they are not material for the physical scientist, and as a scientist he

can make little of them. The worshiper is not a scientist, but a poet. He is an artist who looks into and through nature: he synthesizes rather than analyzes. Nature has for him more than an academic interest. The sunset suggests to him not a problem in physics—the refractions of light—but the vestibule of glory leading to Him whose dwelling is the light of setting suns. When he has exhausted all things visible and auditory as symbols of the divine, he comes to the place of silence: "Be still and know that I am God. . . . Let all the earth keep silence before him. . . . I will hear what God the Lord will say unto me." There the soul finds the acme of worship. When the mountain lake becomes still as a mirror, then the mountains, trees, colors, clouds, and skies are perfectly reflected. When some equivalent mood stills the soul in deep silence, it beholds as in a glass the glory of the Lord and experiences a transformation of life, character, and service.

Mysticism does not mean fading into nothingness. It does not mean dreaming the mind into a meaningless blank. It means working through to the deepest reality. Antiochus Epiphanes broke into the Holy of Holies in the temple to look upon the Hebrew God. And when he saw nothing he defiled the altars

with profane and insulting sacrifices. But the Israelite realized God whom no man hath seen or can see. Moses reminded the people that they saw no form or image at Sinai, and therefore he commanded, "Thou shalt make no graven image." Yet the Hebrew worshiped before his God—unseen but real. "I saw the Lord high and lifted up." Then the soul transcends all sense of time and space. A thousand years focus in a day; and a day in his courts beholding the beauty of holiness stretches away into a thousand years. Even as I write these words I have a sense of defeat: a playing with the impossible and infinite. At best, the clearest word on such a theme—and I know I am not uttering it—the clearest word is but a rough signpost inscribed, "This is the way—walk ye in it."

We have in the Christian Church many inquiries and some movements concerning Church unity. Such desires with all their haltings, limitations, bonds, and prejudices are still worth consideration and effort. But here we must be careful not to lose the true place of emphasis. It is so easy to slide from the spirit to the letter, the spiritual to the material. The unity for which Jesus prayed was not that which can be condensed into the experience and expression of a fraction of the

Church. It is not an agreement about a few ideas, or conformity in some common order. It must begin with a catholic spirit which can appreciate all feelings after God, sympathize with all experiences created by the spirit, and be at home among all the manifold and various expressions of gratitude and ascriptions to God. It must feel the inspiration which moves like the tide of the sea, rising above all the levels of our petty divisions and isolations and baptizing us in one spirit into one spiritual body of Christ. It must begin in this catholic worship where all stand equal in the love of God and where all from the least to the greatest know God and worship him in spirit and in truth.

True worship must also be catholic in its appreciation and use of symbolism and ritual. Here we must recognize the variety of temperamental dispositions and moods. Some individuals like the bare simplicity of a primitive gathering of "the Friends"; others are impressed by the gorgeous ritual of St. Peter's in Rome. And for these forms men have become enemies, hated and slain each other. The author of "Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweetness fills my breast" could at the same time hunt men to the rack and burn them at the stake. For forms and defi-

nitions men are willing to use the bruising irons of excommunication and damnation.

Our fathers worshiped in this mountain, and ye say Jerusalem is the place to worship God. And for this difference the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. Gerizim or Jerusalem! Neither, if it is a question only of place and form. Either, if permeated by the Spirit. Alas, for the tragedy of false alternatives.

What does it mean to worship in spirit and in truth? It means clairvoyance and clairaudience, looking through the things that are seen, getting beyond the things of touch and sense. All people have not the same physical vision. Some see things both near and far with the naked eye. To me it seems miraculous. I have to have the aid of compound lenses to see either. Because I need the aid of mechanical devices, may the man of good sight scorn or abuse me? All persons have not the same capacity of imagination. Some can create images in the mind and commune with God with closed eyes. Some have a low-power capacity and need the stimulus of outer forms and images. But that is a narrow soul which cannot allow the other freedom to use the vehicle best suited to his need.

Symbolic expressions of religion present a wide field of study. We may only consider a few which are familiar and near at hand. Some forms of highly developed rituals were brought over into Christianity from heathen cults. They were baptized into a new significance. The same thing may be said of many Jewish customs and ceremonies. Consider the sharp contrast between Romanism and Protestantism at this point. The Roman mass with all its involved ritual was an evolution. We complain that it is performed in a perfunctory, lifeless manner. That is tragic if it is true. I deplore still more the sloven routine with which we often go through our drab and tedious Protestant service. Both are bad and neither to be judged by their abuse.

The Roman service is liturgical. The great cathedrals were not built with a pulpit in the center, nor is preaching the main business. The appeal is directed to the emotions through symbolism. The high altar, burning candles, swinging censers, gorgeous vestments, genuflections, etc.—it all means so little to us Protestants, because we do not understand it. Our ignorance and prejudice are no more virtuous than the same vices of which we accuse the Romanists. 'Tis true these forms did not save the masses who saw them.

The sacraments became mechanical and commercial; hence the Protestant Reformation. That too became iconoclastic. Lorado Taft, the sculptor, told me that he deplored some beautiful images in England having been marred by an iconoclast's hand. The verger of the Church explained, "O, Mr. Cromwell smashed that." Cromwell's "Ironsides" smashed all relics, symbols, images, and decorations in churches and monasteries. Perhaps that was a needed and timely lesson. Hezekiah felt so when he smashed the serpent which Moses had lifted up in the wilderness and called it "Nehushtan"—a thing of brass. But after the smashing one cannot but feel that redemption might have been better than destruction.

Protestantism, on the other hand, has reacted to a different emphasis. Preaching has become the chief feature in our services. Preaching in the power and demonstration of the spirit is also sacramental. F. W. Robertson and John Henry Jowett both regarded it as such. But it is not necessarily so. It may sink to the levels of commonplace dialectics, literary persiflage, or ordinary scolding. Real preaching is a vehicle of the Spirit producing the burning heart. We have also a rich hymnology, grown out of wide experience;

and we exercise the right of extempore prayer. Yet, with all our inheritance and freedom, we are chargeable with limitations and faults. Our churches become meetinghouses, our forms puritanical, and our very dress is stilted and somber in color. Black, whether in a Prince Albert suit or a Genevan gown, is not picturesque to the eye nor suggestive of Christian hope and victory. It is all far removed from the imagery of the Old Testament or the Apocalypse. Simplicity may sometimes become a necessary accent, but that does not argue that it is ideal. Paul was equally at home beside the river at Philippi, in the synagogues of Asia Minor, and among the shrines on Mars' Hill. If he could come amongst us to-day, he would be eagerly sought by the deans of St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, and Notre Dame in Paris. Every Protestant denomination would equally vie to welcome him, and he could accommodate himself to all their environments, becoming all things to all Churches, if by any means he might inspire some. There have been groups who have despised all liturgical forms, becoming arrogantly proud of their simplicity and not knowing that they were naked, poor, and blind. The so-called apostolic simplicity is a fiction; and whatever it was, we cannot

return to it, because we are not at the same perspective of history and cannot reproduce the same psychological situation.

Forms may mean very different things to different worshipers. They may not mean the same thing to any two of the participants. I cannot understand the Roman mass. I was not reared a Romanist, and the idea of a chemical miracle taking place does not fit any groove in my mind. The perpetual sufferings of Jesus are foreign to my thinking. But I can witness the mass and still catch a very deep significance. I can think of the cross as a historic event, once for all enacted on the stage of human history and yet representing that divine heartache which must span the entire experience and history of human sin. Sin ever drives the nails, spear, and thorns into the soul of God. I can also understand a very real spiritual Presence at our communion services, which a mere memorial ideal may retire into a far distance. I can understand a miracle far more significant than the mass—namely, that real Presence entering the soul of the worshiper, by which the Word once more becomes flesh in the believer, pledging him to reincarnate the spirit of his Lord and Saviour. There is a sense of the Real Presence to a devout Roman

Catholic worshiper whenever the mass is celebrated. And there is a still deeper sense of a Real Presence to the Friend (Quaker) in his silent meditation. Many persons viewing the painting, "the Sistine Madonna," have noted that the eyes of the Virgin, her child, and the cherubs look out, but not at us. They seem to be gazing at some invisible object between us. The explanation of this feature lies in this: the picture was painted for an altar-piece. From the altar rises the smoke and fragrance of incense, which are the symbol of the invisible presence of God. And these beholders seem to be straining the very eyes of the soul to behold that Presence. It is this ineffable Presence, however realized, which inspires true worship.

Something deeply real should happen in the service of worship. In the Roman Church the bell rings, the mystic words are spoken, the host is elevated, and something happens. The Real Presence of the Christ is there in the wine and wafer now become his flesh and blood. You do not believe that, nor I. Your Romanist would be shocked at the suggestion of a chemical analysis of the mass. The altar is not a laboratory. Science has no function here, but faith—the clairvoyant faculty. He believes it. You and I delete the

mass, but we must find some definite equivalent to enable us to realize the spiritual if not the physical presence.

Something always happens where there is reality in worship. Reality must arise in the individual soul. There must be the urge of personal need. The pilgrims to sacred shrines or holy places start in little groups or even alone. *En route* they meet other pilgrims. The devout Jews came to Jerusalem. As they neared the city they became processions. The songs that began in solitude became congregational. These songs expressed great variety of emotion and aspiration. There were notes of divine discontent, confessions of transgression, appeals for forgiveness, prayers for peace. Many tides of the soul and winds of the spirit met. We know that there is such a thing as the psychology of a crowd. It is not an addition of individuals in a sum total. "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." So in a congregation of worshipers there is an undefined multiplication of power. When we come to the altar we should come to consecrate something —bringing something to God. This gift may be the song of praise from a happy heart; the prayer of gratitude for divine blessings; the shout of victory from a triumphant experience;

the contrition of a penitent heart; the sigh of a lonely life; the grief of bereavement; the aspiration for holiness; the desire to serve in loyalty. We cannot enumerate the emotions that come to the worship. But, if it is all real, the many streams mingle in one tide of intercession and praise. And when the divine response comes on the return tide something happens. We not only have those things we desire of God, but he does "exceeding abundantly above what we ask or think." Thus there is a catholicity which fuses the many into one. When needy souls touched the hem of Jesus' garments, the virtue that issued from him to them was much more than the one wished-for thing. Worship, real worship, touches the hem of Almighty God; and whenever faith touches him something sacramental happens.

There must be reality and sincerity in the forms and liturgies. They do not, perhaps cannot, all make appeals to all souls. We all experience the limitations of temperamental constitutions, traditional inheritance, and even instilled prejudices. But all these varying forms are highways of the soul to the presence of God. In the history of religion many venturesome souls have made bold detours, and some of these have led into *cul-de-sacs* and

others gone around. But the truly catholic spirit appreciates what experience has made a highway of communion. The spirit of worship has inspired church architecture, hymns, prayers, liturgies, etc. Some of these are encroached upon by the vagaries of individual idiosyncrasies. Architecture and furnishings may be meaningless. Singing can sink into technical art, sermons degenerate into mere rhetoric, and prayers become echoes. All should be real; everything significant with meaning. Unreality blurs the spiritual vision and dulls the soul.

This does not mean that architecture and decorations cannot preserve traditions now grown old. We may still have the symbolisms which were once regarded as literal and have now passed. But the catholic soul can appreciate what it meant to former worshipers and understand their seeking and finding God by avenues that we no longer tread. The larger horizons have made some things impossible to our reason and conscience. And though the centuries gather round us, we must worship God in the spirit and reality of things that environ us.

Christianity needs to recover and redeem all these aids to devotion. Architecture, symbols, rituals, hymns, sermons should all

lead us to the verge of eternity and enable us to touch the fringes of the garment divine and experience the virtue of the life more abundant. If we do not get through to that infinite mystery of which Whittier sings,

"O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love,"

if we do not come into the secret of his presence, we do not worship him in spirit and in truth.

So long as David played upon his harp before Saul the evil spirit became dormant in him. But Saul got no farther: he did not get through, and when the music ceased the evil spirit became dominant once more. Many men are soothed and quieted in a religious service, and for the time the grip of carnal things is loosed. But they do not get through and find a victory over the entanglements and passions that rule them. Now, that Saul was not converted by David's music is no reason for smashing David's harp and silencing the psalms which have swept millions into the divine presence to experience regenerating grace. So let us not despise forms and rituals

which have justified themselves by becoming avenues to the presence of God. Despising a form does not necessarily open the eyes of the heart. Said a Roman priest, "You Protestants give your people nothing but organ pipes to look at." I feel deeply the sting of that justified sarcasm. Surely an altar with a cross is far more helpful as an aid to the imagination than the gilded screen of a "kist of whistles." Then be not afraid of things ornate and suggestive. If we are to worship God in the beauty of holiness, we may do so by worshiping him through the holiness of beauty. Beauty and holiness belong together.

The worship of God has also suffered by an unbalanced emphasis upon service. Christian service is vitally important, but it has a tendency to occupy the center and too much of the stage. Men say, "It matters little what we think or believe, so long as we do right." Theology is insignificant; action is everything. Even prayer is incidental and secondary; working is the all-important thing. We must remember that Jesus likened the doing of his ideals to building on a rock; and in the final assizes those who wrought charity are commended and given the inheritance of life. But Jesus never set works in contrast with worship. He set them against dis-

interested hearing. Works are the fruit of the Spirit, and they root themselves in worship. The windmills will not grind when the wind goes down. The mill-wheel will not revolve when the rains cease and the streams run low. Good works will soon languish if the power of inspiration abates; and inspiration—the restoring of the soul—comes by worship.

I dare not set worship and work in contrast, much less in antithesis. They are organically related. George Stephenson stood one day watching a train of cars moving through an English valley. He said to a companion standing at his side, "What do you suppose is dragging yonder cars along the rails?" The friend replied, "Why, it can be nothing but one of your newly created locomotives." "No," said the inventor, "it is the sun's heat." That seemed a far cry. But anyone acquainted with the chemistry of wood, coal, or any combustible material understands what Stephenson meant. The sun has a curious way of running its heat and light along invisible channels and storing its energies in many depositories. Years and centuries later these hidden forces became available for practical service. The exercise of worship seems as vague and vagrant as diffused sunlight. But it has also a way of transmuting itself into

the energies and activities that make up the daily life.

We are familiar with the urgent counsel, Put the people at work in the Church; especially give the young people something to do. This counsel is well meant, but is entirely beside the mark. The Church cannot employ every member in the congregation in such service as being ushers, collectors, or members in the choir. Nor can it enlist the entire membership in some form of missionary or charitable activity. There is not enough of this kind of occupation to go round. Moreover, all service in which a Church engages as a Church is a by-product, and a small though valuable part of our great life work. It is a serious mistake to suppose that such a fraction of our activities constitutes the total of Christian work. We are all already engaged in the large round of enterprises with which all humanity is necessarily busy. We are all at work incessantly, in the home, at business, about recreation and the daily engagements. The purpose of religion is to infuse all these relations and activities with the Spirit of God. The preaching may single out some special duties for timely emphasis. But we need more than a decalogue of duties, we need inspiration to do them. The "Sermon on the

Mount" lays down certain great principles rather than statutes. But even these are prefaced with the beatitudes. They are the fountain-heads of life and are akin to worship.

The significance of the New Covenant as contrasted with the old lies in two things. There is a change of personal pronouns. The decalogue writes Thou-Thou, and the new covenant emphasizes I. The one commands us to do; the other assures us that God will work in us. The second difference appears in the place of the writing. The commandments were engraved or written on hard stone or lifeless parchment. They were external, unsympathetic, cold, and mandatory. The new law is written in the heart and mind, woven into our knowledge and affections. That is to say, it creates in us a genius for righteousness. Genius delights in its ability and activity. But genius always works by inspiration, and inspiration comes through worship. Therefore let the Church maintain real worship, and the worshipers will find their own work. All work must have the imprimatur of the Spirit, and worship is the very life of the Spirit. The adoration of God as the Father becomes the inspiration of brotherly love. Other organizations have taken over most of the activities in which the Church was once

engaged. This leaves the Church free to concentrate on the one great work which no other society can do and which yet remains preëminent—namely, to conduct worship.

Emerson said: "Small souls serve by what they do; large souls serve by what they are." There is no largeness save by communion with God. The soul that worships in spirit and in truth carries something that is contagious with inspiration and power. Jesus had only to come around, and mighty works did manifest themselves. And that stream of virtue which went forth from him all day long had its fountain-head in those early morning hours or all-night vigils, when he communed with God in the secret place of the Most High.

Some souls fall short of this highest experience because they are too insistent upon clear-cut, comprehensive ideas of God. They feel that they must be able to discuss him in all his attributes and unfold a full philosophy of his purposes and actions. The steamers that leave Montreal for foreign ports are at first guided by pilots who know the channel of the St. Lawrence. They recognize accurately all the landmarks and understand the innumerable signals which line the shores. They steer unerringly by the headland lights until they pass them all and come to the open

seas. Then they resign the helms to those who sail across the shoreless waters, guided only by the stars and sextant. So theology articulates an innumerable count of inferences and guides us among the perceptions that can focus in the finite mind. But when we come to the borders of the infinite, logic fails and knowledge ceases. Then the mystic moods must lift the soul into the heights where the dimensions pass all knowledge. The intellect is but a part of man, and when the soul passes beyond all the surveys possible to reason

"Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm."

The mystics are accused of being dreamers, self-hypnotized, indulging in vagaries and ecstatic emotions, all born of a diseased imagination. They went beyond all the surveyed territory of the logical findings and in trying to explain "the Way" found no law of utterance, no vehicle in the clumsy inventions of human speech, by which they could make their experiences clear to lesser souls. Therefore they are discredited by men who assume to measure all the mysteries of religion by exact theological theses. Theology can mint the lower inferences concerning the

existence and nature of God, but it has no dies wherewith to stamp the mystic experiences which come to one who worships God in spirit and in reality.

The elders of Israel stood afar on Mt. Sinai and saw the lightnings and heard the roll of thunder. But they saw no form. There was nothing that was articulate. They could only fear and worship. So the worshiper becomes conscious of an ineffable presence and calls upon all that is within his soul to worship Him.

"Be still and know that I am God."
"Let all the earth keep silence before him."

Lecture V

A DIVINE CONSCIOUSNESS

Lecture V

A DIVINE CONSCIOUSNESS

It was a morning in September when Father and son were making their way to the Grand Central Railway Station in New York City. The son was journeying to matriculate in a New England college. At the family altar on that morning he had been commended to the divine care of God by his father. As that father stood by the train step saying his farewell to his only son, his last words were, "Never forget whose son you are." It was not a long discourse on the temptations besetting college life, nor a sermon on the duties becoming a decent youth. It was a challenge to recollection, a call upon the loyalties of the most hallowed relationships. It was the sinking of a shaft into the mine of memory, out of which might be conjured the reminiscences of home, the father's face and honor, the mother's affection and hope, the subtle influences of the family life, and all that constitutes a home with ideal relationships. "Never forget whose son you are." No abstract formulations of conduct or set rules of behavior could ever approximate, as a motive

power in deportment, the penetrative force of such recollection. In the instance here referred to, this exercise proved to be both a deterrent in the times of dangerous solicitation and an incentive to constantly live up to the best that was latent within him.

We all know something of this mysterious competency. The young husband and father is mentally intent upon his duties in the counting-house. His surface mind is occupied with these mental calculations, but beneath them lie the streams of the home relations. Frequently these will surge to the surface, and very suddenly in moments of crises, and they conserve and stimulate all holy loyalties in the soul. The recollection of the face of a friend, the affection of some trusting soul, the hope of a boon companion, any one of many memories will martial forces for defense and achievement which abstract and academic doctrines can never do. These powers are not lawless, though sometimes beyond our clear understanding. It is this general law of the power of recollection which I wish to consider in its deeper religious aspects. A divine consciousness is the only power which is adequate to overcoming the world and achieving the goal of fellowship with the eternal God.

Against the background of the infinite and infinitesimal universe disclosed to us by physical science, a human lifetime shrinks into insignificance. Against those twin mysteries, time and space, how mutable are our threescore years and ten? If against the confined ideas of three thousand years ago the Psalmist cried, "When I consider the sun, the moon, and the stars, . . . what is man?" what would he say to-day when we talk of two hundred thousand "light years"? Even the poetic similes of a mist, a shadow, a post, a dew, seem too significant. The man who says that human life is like a bubble on the crest of a wave of the sea comes nearer to a true comparison. It is made and burst in an instant of time. Life's fickle form is no sooner chosen than changed. Reckoned as a physical constituent in the universe, the consideration of human life thunders with despair. Its physical genesis, development, and disintegration have been nicely analyzed and computed. Corporeally considered, man is but a bubble on the sea-wave.

But why does this brevity of life waken in us such pathetic, not to say mournful, moods? Most forms of life round out the instinctive desires with a sense of satisfaction. But with us the mind wanders far beyond areas and

gropes mystically among the things of infinitude and eternity. The human mind not only recognizes the limitation and inadequacy of physical existence and gratification, but it feels the beating of far deeper pulses and longs wistfully for something that time and sense cannot yield. The inward urge prompts us to peer curiously, hopefully toward the future. We long for some vision of immortality to come over the edge of things seen. That same inward urge should lead us to look backward and ask, Whence came we? After all the whither may be determined by the whence. No man ascendeth into heaven but he who first descended from heaven. Only as I recollect whose son I am, can I have a consciousness of my adequacy for all the issues of life and death, time and eternity.

We are admonished to be good Christians. To this end we are instructed concerning the earthly career of Jesus. We are presented with pen portraits of how he acted under given circumstances. We are taught his words and precepts. We are urged to imitate him in character and conduct. Much of this becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable platitude to us. We sing about our duty and flatter ourselves that it is done. We hear the sermon and, by approving, absolve ourselves from living the

call. We wreathe ourselves about with creed and doctrine, symbol and liturgy, and fail to recognize how far short we fall of the glory of our high calling. It is so outward and external to ourselves that it is a noise beating on the drum of the ear and not a pulse throbbing in the heart. Frankly, much of our beautiful Christian tradition has no better value for us than pious fiction. It lacks the reality of inward consciousness and verity. How many people have any of us known whose character, deportment, sympathy, and inspiration remind us of Christ? Go over the circle of friendship and acquaintances and nominate those whom we regard as so dominated by the Spirit of Christ that he almost transfigures himself through their mortal disguises. Is their number not very meager? We meet many more who are Christlike than we recognize, because we lack intimate knowledge of them. We meet and know familiarly a great host who wear the name of Christian, but the distinctively Christlike among them are rare and scarce. I have met Christians by the thousands and yet recall so few who were transparent enough to impress me deeply with their Christlikeness—and least of all am I, who know myself best, of such quality. Why is this so? I do not mean to imply that the

mass of professing Christians are not really so at heart; but they are living on such a limited capital of divine grace that the venture is not conspicuously successful. There is the lack of the divine consciousness.

A business undertaking must have sufficient working capital. A prophet must have the spirit of prophecy. The artist in any realm must have a genius for his work. The *litterateur* must feel an inspiration for his task. So the Christian life must have its inner consciousness and compulsions that will transfigure themselves into an incarnation of the Christ. The supreme hindrance to the power of Christ in the world is what so many call Christianity. Christianity has come to mean a historic record of Jesus; abstract doctrines about Christ; professional loyalties to creeds and forms and such externalities as can go on without the soul of Christ in them. Real Christianity, after all, is the mystery and marvel of the incarnation perpetuated in human experience and history. Wherever that obtains there is a sweet contagion of the passion and power of Christ in the soul, which "never forgets whose son you are."

We have been promised the presence and coöperation of the Holy Spirit. That Spirit is nothing else than the genius of the life of

Christ. The imprimatur and activity of the Spirit possessed Jesus from the beginning to the end and climax of his career. He was born of, lived by, taught through the Spirit. Through the eternal Spirit he offered himself a sacrifice even unto death and by that Spirit survived death and the grave. He ever lives to grant repentance and the forgiveness of sins. He is himself the life-giving Spirit breathing his own soul into all who trust him. He reincarnates himself in the true, devoted disciple, and his genius works itself out in many forms of expression. The inspiration of the Spirit is not a vague, nebulous thing. Its working may seem as mysterious as the coming and going of the winds, but the action is always within the leash of law, dependable and waiting our utilization of its power. Its motions are never erratic, and when we understand and comply with the conditions we command the power.

When Jesus promised the gift of his Spirit to his disciples, he indicated very clearly the characteristics of the divine ministry: "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you. . . . I will not leave you orphaned. I will come unto you. . . . My Father and I will make our abode in you. . . . When the Comforter is come, he will guide you into all truth. . . .

He will glorify me. . . . He will take of mine and show it unto you. . . . He will bring all things to your recollection, whatsoever I have said unto you. . . . He shall show you things to come." By such ministries he will realize Christ in us as the hope of glory. Yet as we read these familar words they sound so deadly platitudinous in our ears. They are so well known to us that we do not know them at all. There is a vast difference between being familiar with a thing and understanding it. We touch innumerable mysteries around us with familiar hands and prate about them in boisterous phrases and yet know nothing of the soul of them. We should redeem the commonplace from our prejudiced familiarity, and our stale platitudes need to be born again.

The great apostle Paul, who more than any disciple of his generation, if not of all times, incarnated the spirit of his Master, greets us with the words, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Have the same reason, genius, and inspiration within your life as moved in the soul of the Master. There is but one law for the disciple and his Lord. An outward laborious imitation of Jesus is tragically effete. As well have a Zulu imitate a Beethoven, or a Hottentot copy a Raphael. There can be no outward

expression apart from an adequate, prior, inner impression. Conformation is only achieved by transformation. Jesus came into the world to glorify God—that is, to reveal the character and disposition of God; to do the will of God and finish his work; to justify the creation, providence, and aim of God. For Jesus this meant to be smitten with a deep compassion, to travel *via dolorosa* through Gethsemane and Calvary, to travail in soul to bring many sons unto glory. For this he needed something more than an outline program such as Isaiah's words furnished him. He needed a divine consciousness as to whence he came, who he was, what he must do, and whither he was going. All the horizons of eternity must be open to him, and he may never forget whose Son he was. In his loyalty to that consciousness lay his success. The music of the morning stars and visions from the far beginnings visited his soul, and a sense of eternal oneness with God was the heartbeat of his spirit. "I know whence I am," and in that consciousness he could humble himself to utmost servitude, but never be humiliated. He could be obedient unto death, yet never fail or be discouraged. That genius must possess us. Without it we can do nothing; with it we can do all things. By taking

the things of Christ and showing them to us, the Spirit awakens the recollection in our souls; and reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, we are transformed into the same image.

In a captious spirit, some critics have said that Jesus is no more divine than we are. I will not labor that point. The repute of Jesus' divinity is safe enough without bolstering. It has been advocated by those who have been redeemed from the uttermost of despair and sin into the surpassing peace and joy of his grace. It has been championed by those who counted it their glory to languish in prison, suffer to the uttermost, burn at the stake, and serve in the hardest parts of the world. I would trust these rather than the academic dilettante wranglers of the drawing room. The subject would have more cogency if they could turn the question about and discover how we can be as divine as he was. The men who approximate in their lives, works, and words some parallels to what he was and did have the first right to speak, not those who drag down the reputation of the Master to accommodate their own shortcomings. I do not wish to compare his human likeness to ours, but to inquire concerning the possibility of our divine likeness to him. I

would rather toilingly climb the hill of divinity than slide down the incline of humanity.

Before tracing the consciousness that possessed Jesus, I would raise the question concerning those wistful, mystic moods which arise in our souls in the best moments of our consciousness. We often feel that the steady throbbing of the pulses that beat in our mortal years does not completely measure the pilgrimage of life. The pathetic-looking tombstones gossip about the days of our birth and death, but they do not mark either boundary of life. Nor should we think that the horizon stretches only into one infinite direction—namely, that of immortality. Our quest may run backward, "Where did you come from, baby dear?" The scientist will answer for the speechless, unconscious babe. Mr. Edwin Slosson has a remarkable sermon on the first and greatest miracle in the Bible. Mr. Slosson is a chemist and general scientist. He has chosen the text, "And God formed man of the dust of the ground." He proves that this is literally true of all men. We constantly repeat the history—Till thou return unto the ground: for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return —all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Science has trailed the chemical combi-

nations from the instant of our conception to the hour of our disintegration. "Earth that nourished us shall claim our growth to be resolved to earth again." And there physical science must rest its case.

But on the warp and woof of this dust are woven things that transcend the physical. There is a kind of pathetic home-longing that is not satisfied with anything experienced in these mortal years. As a child, wearied at last of playing with its toys, longs for and seeks the entwining arms and a repose on the mother's breast, so our souls experience a strange yearning for God. "We are strangers before thee and sojourners as all our fathers were; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." That weird—shall one say pessimistic?—writer of Ecclesiastes writes a deadly verdict against the ambitions, pursuits, and achievements of man—"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Why should one who keeps a careful diary of his doings come to such a doleful conclusion? He discovers a reason, "Because God hath set eternity in their hearts"—something extra-physical. Physical appetites and sensations, even when lawful, can never experience permanent satisfactions. "Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again. . . . Man shall not

live by bread alone." There is a deeper heredity behind that which moves in our physical organization. We should inquire concerning that wistful mood which gazes into the infinite behind us.

Men frequently become interested in making a search for their pedigrees. They are proud if they are Sons of the Revolution, or descendants of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower. They rejoice in a reflected glory if they can discover ancestors reputed for exploits and display a medieval coat of arms. If this quest goes far enough and remains on physical levels, we will all come to some common strains, where embarrassments will cloy our vanities and our glory blush with shame. The real and vital quest should go behind these accidents of the flesh and pursue our spiritual ancestry to ask the why and whence of that.

In its own way the philosophy of Hindu mysticism has followed such a trail. The soul issues out of the mysterious bosom of eternity, and its experience in the flesh is an incident. It is on a migrating and transmigrating pilgrimage. It does not achieve a permanent personality. Personal consciousness is a burden. Individuality with its desires and gratifications is a curse of Karma and must be overcome by persistent and re-

peated suicides. When the love of life is utterly withered the soul sinks again into the abyss of Nirvana.

Grecian mysticism reaches a much higher altitude. It inquires after reality, truth, beauty, and conduct. The doctrine of recollection feels after something abiding. Plato writes: "If the knowledge we acquired before birth was lost by us at birth, and if afterward by the use of the senses we recovered that which we previously knew, will not that which we call learning be a recovery of the knowledge which is natural to us; and may not this be termed recollection? All inquiry and all learning is but recollection." Recollection does not mean what we call memory. Memory is a collection of some of the experiences common to mortal life and binding them together in a volume of mundane consciousness. Recollection is something beyond memory. It is a coming upon the trail of eternal, immortal things and recognizing them as a part of our spiritual being.

Those of us who hold the Christian faith must believe that we were somehow in the mind and heart of God from eternity. The prophet echoes the voice of God when he cries, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I

drawn thee." We had some existence in the form of a divine thought and emotion. Wordsworth thrilled with this idea. Plato gropes after it, but Wordsworth leaps toward it. "Our birth is a forgetting. The soul that rises with us, our life's star, hath had elsewhere its setting and cometh from afar." Plato was not confident either about recollection or resurrection. They were to him reasonable hypotheses. Wordsworth was sure of them. But Plato lived B.C. and Wordsworth A.D. That makes the difference between early dawn and high noon.

"Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me like mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams;
Of something felt like something here,
Of something done I know not where,
Such as no language can declare."

There is something in us that eagerly hearkens when "deep calleth unto deep." There are pages of literature on which a wind seems to rise. The author has caught a breath from the everlasting hills, and the wind sweeps through our spirits. There are songs without words to which our feelings, far deeper than the ordinary, respond. There is a silence in the forest or the murmuring on the sea that

awakens a *sehnsucht* in us. My friend C. Sylvester Horne, who came to America to deliver the "Beecher Lectures" at Yale University, was standing on the deck of a steamer nearing the city of Toronto, looking on one of those sunset skies for which the Great Lakes are noted. The day was being cradled into the night, and the heaven glowed with the resplendent, opalescent colors which defy description. The reflections on the lake mirrored the glory of the heavens. Without turning his gaze, my friend said to his wife, "A scene like that awakens in me a mood of longing like homesickness; not for our dear home across the waters, but for that home that lies beyond the seas of time, our final and eternal home of the spirit." Looking a moment longer on those waves of light, he sank to the deck, and "flights of angels sang him to his rest." In the twinkling of an eye he passed through the portals of eternity to be forever at home with "Him whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

Why do we speak of that mysterious realm as home? Home is not so much a place whither we go as whence we came. There is something in us which not only refuses the lures of earth as final and satisfying, but it cannot be suppressed by the burdens and

frosts of time. The chain and ball of mortality which we drag through the years cannot hold it down. Primeval fires burn in the soul. Eternity is in the heart and makes us see the mirage which shall become a satisfying spring in the glowing sands. That something in us has a power of vision that looks through the shadow of death, and a prophetic instinct whispers, Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

This mood takes on a variety of notes. Moses looks across the increasing number of little mounds on the desert and cries: "Age after age, Lord, thou hast been our home. . . . Thou crumblest man away, summoning men back to the dust; . . . our days droop under thy displeasure, our life is over as a sigh. Our life is seventy years at most or eighty at best: it is a span of toil and trouble, soon over, and we flit away. . . . O teach us so to count our days that we may take it to heart." Pathos is possible only to man in the animal kingdom: it is one line in the divine image. The mind could not take on this mood which reflects eternity as the very background of its despair if it were not allied to eternity. But this mood has its major as well as minor keys. "Happy the man who stays by the Most High in shelter, who lives under the shadow of Almighty God; who calls the

Eternal my refuge and my fortress, my God in whom I trust. . . . You have sheltered beside the Eternal and made the Most High God your home; so no scathe can befall you." . . . "He clings to me, so I deliver him; I set him safe, because he cares for me. I will answer his cry. . . . I will satisfy him with a long life and let him see my saving care." Such a mood also dwells in the mind of the writer of Ecclesiastes. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity" is a verdict which can only come out of a soul where "God hath set eternity in the heart." God, then, is the eternal homeland of the soul.

The consciousness which trails recollection finds emancipation from the tyranny of anxiety that rises from the mutations in life. The near-sighted soul may flounder among the changing vicissitudes and cry, "All these things are against me." The clairvoyant insight enables us to calmly say, "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." In this mood, a thousand years focus in a day. The vast reaches of eternity visit the soul in an hour. There also a day stretches away into a thousand years—yes, ten thousand years, crowded with the mysteries of glory, brighten the horizons as we think we are joint heirs with Christ of the

things of God. Plato whispers and argues for recollection with prison walls as a sounding-board. Wordsworth paints the clouds of glory trailing infancy. Psalmists and mystics seek to bring us into the secrets of eternity. All unite in trying to convey the idea and conviction that we came from and return to God.

To understand the mystery of recollection and experience its reality, we must trace it in the life of the Master. The deepest consciousness in the soul of Jesus was that he came from God and was sent into the world. I am not interested to discuss the manner of his physical generation. To me the discussions about the "virgin birth" and "immaculate conception" are not only irrelevant, but they actually fog the deeper issues and put souls off the trails. Prove them, and we have done nothing. They beget no inspiration, and I find in many lives of men who argue most dogmatically for them and make them fundamental, that their lives are often embittered rather than sweetened by the controversy. Assume what we will concerning the beautiful stories concerning the advent of Jesus, stories at least poetically true and dramatically correct; assume if you will the "immaculate conception"—namely, that the Virgin was holy and sinless; still it

remains true that when Jesus was born there was a forgetting. The holy babe that lay in Mary's arms was unconscious of his whence, why, or whither. Argue to a conclusion an abstract inference of his deity, it still remains that he was a normal child, limited in physical and mental conditions and subject to the laws of dependence and growth of body and mind as any other child. Whatever the thesis concerning his preëxistence and consciousness in that former condition, it was left behind when he humbled himself to be born of a virgin.

Somewhere along the route, under the inspiration and guidance of the Divine Spirit Jesus came upon the trails of recollection. The knowledge did not all flash upon him at once. From the meager records that we possess we cannot trace clearly its development. But we see it flashing with increasing vividness toward the close of his career. The greatest forces of nature are silent in their working. The lightning riving the oak or the crunching of the moving glacier are not as great as the movements of the stars. The gates of dawn turn upon noiseless hinges, and the day comes in silently, from the first faint gleam of light on the eastern rim of the earth to the blazing noon when the sun stands at its zenith. So

the consciousness of Jesus came quietly, gradually, until he knew and understood his whence, why, and whither. The fourth Gospel is not so much a record of his going about doing good as it is a memorabilia recounting his recollection.

Jesus was not conscious of a dual personality, half human, half divine. He was not a stratified being where a theologian can identify sharp contrasts such as a geologist finds in rocks. He was God manifest in the flesh, revealed in the terms of human personality. He took on him the limitations of a mortal life with all its vicissitudes. From early boyhood he trod the heights of communion with God. He was a "stranger and pilgrim in the earth," dwelling in the bosom of his Father.

Glance now at a thread of thought running through the fourth Gospel. The atmosphere is Grecian, though it was written before the Grecian fathers like Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and Chrysostom found in Christ the fulfillment of their philosophy and the incarnation of their ideal person. This author gathered the memorabilia of some of Jesus' utterances and interpreted them in a way which shows how clearly Jesus realized a recollection. The central quotations are from the eighth chapter. There, on the lowest level,

Jesus is disputing with the Jewish teachers. They were of the earth earthy, illusioned with dreams of an earthly millennium and infected with pride and ambition. How could they believe his inner truth who vied with each other for honor? Against their background Jesus says: "I know whence I came and whither I go. . . . I am from the world above; you belong to this world. . . . I go away, and you shall search for me, and whither I go ye cannot come. . . . I do nothing of myself (of my own accord), but I speak as the Father taught me. . . . I speak what I have seen with my Father. . . . Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it and was glad. . . . Before Abraham was I am." Here Jesus speaks of the consciousness he had concerning his person and mission.

Gather round this consciousness some general quotations from this Gospel, and the idea of recollection will become clearer. "The Logos existed in the very beginning, the Logos was with God, the Logos was divine. . . . Through him all existence came into being. . . . In him lay life, and this life was the light of men. . . . The real light which enlightens every man was coming into the world. . . . So the Logos became flesh and tarried among us: we have seen his glory—

glory such as an only son enjoys with his father—full of grace and reality. . . . Nobody has ever seen God, but God has been unfolded by the divine one, the only Son, who lies upon the Father's breast. . . . Rabbi, where dwellest thou? Come and see. . . . You shall see heaven open wide and God's angels ascending and descending upon the Son of man. . . . Truly, truly I tell you, no one can see God's realm unless he is born from above. . . . Anyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but anyone who drinks the water that I shall give him will never thirst any more; . . . it will turn into a spring welling up to eternal life. . . . I have food of which you know nothing. . . . My food is to do the will of him that sent me. . . . As my Father commands me, I do. . . . My Father and I are one. . . . He that has seen me has seen the Father."

As Jesus approached his physical end this divine consciousness sustained him. Socrates composed himself in the hour of death with a dim hope of immortality. Jesus fairly leaped toward his cross. He said to his sorrowful disciples, "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I go to the Father." In the hymn at the Last Supper he sang, "I shall live and not die." He could sing with reality Robert

Louis Stevenson's words, "Gladly I lived, and gladly I died, and laid me down with a will." "No man taketh my life from me. I have authority to lay it down, and I have authority to take it again." "What shall I say? Father, save me from this hour? For this hour came I unto this hour." "Let not your heart be troubled. It is expedient for you that I go away. . . . When the Spirit is come, you will understand that I am in the Father, and you in me, and I in you."

Science cannot account for this consciousness in Jesus. Indeed, science may set it down as imagination, emotion, and illusion. But there is more in human experience than is dreamed of in your science. Nothing in his earthly environment or traditional discipline can account for it. It was spiritual recollection, and what a mystic, hidden story unfolded itself in his soul between that forgetting at his birth and his returning to glory with the keys of death and the grave swinging at his girdle, and he like a conqueror leading the sons of God back to glory.

That was his story; but we say it is not yours or mine. It should be, and it may be. He came that we might have life and have it abundantly. He is the light, lighting every man coming into the world. Light always

mingles with light. It plays with the mists and rain-drops and transfigures them with prismatic glory. It kisses fruits and leaves into ripeness. It pierces the eyes of plover and lark and brings forth their matin songs. Light has moral equivalents. It shines into moral darkness. It plays with virtue, knowledge, and holiness. It penetrates saint, prophet, and martyr. It touches the latent divine image of God in the soul and brings it to glory. We approve the Christ just because there is a reminiscence of him in us.

Browning tells us, "Life has a meaning; to find its meaning is my meat and drink." It was that quest which made Browning the poet philosopher. On that ground he is met by Will Durant, who writes:

> "So much of our life is meaningless, a self-canceling vacillation and futility. We strive with the chaos about us and within: but we would believe all the while that there is something vital and significant in us, could we but decipher our own souls. . . . Great inquiring souls do not want millions of money, but answers to their deepest quest: not the waters that slake a passing thirst, but waters that quench and satisfy the eternal thirst. . . . We

want to pull ourselves out of earthly circumstances, . . . learn to laugh at the inevitable and smile at looming death. Here is a truth that will not make us rich, but will make us free."

This is not yet a problem of science, but philosophy. "Philosophy accepts the hard and hazardous task of dealing with problems not yet open to science. Every science begins as philosophy and ends as art. It rises in hypotheses and ends in achievement. Philosophy is the hypothetical interpretation of the unknown."

We have been cowed by science and grown timid as it took the center of the stage and crowded philosophy into the wings. But science, reaching some border lines, is speaking the cues and inviting philosophy to come into the play again and appear upon the stage. It is not only recognizing the past ventures of philosophy's quest, but is ready to admit that philosophy must do the work of synthesis and still courageously pioneer the hinterland which science has not yet reached or surveyed.

Jesus implied that childhood, before it becomes sophisticated by the garish things of time and sense, walks the borderland of a divine consciousness and is in the kingdom of

God. He tells us that we must hark back, not divesting ourselves of the things really learned and gained, but become revived in the simplicities of wonder and trust. With mystic recollection we recall our earliest childhood delights: its games, flowers, meadows, brooks, birds, and darkness. We do this, not by precise memory, but recollection, colored with mystic romance. Alas that these things fade or pass away in the entanglements of a lower game in life! In this game they tend to smother and die. If we follow Him, we shall have the light of life. If we have no recollection, no passion, no purpose, no goal, we stumble on in darkness. To lack the pulse of eternity and feel no interest in immortality is to walk in darkness indeed.

The centuries have witnessed the "pilgrims of the night" walking across the sands of time, of whom men always said, "Behold these dreamers." Yet they brooded under the shadow of the Almighty and walked by the light of eternity. For such the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm has been a strong consolation. They know the hand that fashioned them, molded them in secret, foresaw all their days, beset them with an inescapable presence, understands all their thoughts and doings, and undergirded them with divine

purpose. They revel in mysteries too wonderful for them, but delight through recollection to come upon the trails leading home.

If we can cultivate this divine strain and live in this consciousness, we shall not be able to entertain or do anything unclean. Sin can only gain ascendency by blurring this spiritual sense and dulling it. But if we can feel that we belong to eternity, we will cultivate an aristocracy of thinking and feeling which will enable us to live above all that is sordid and sinful. Do we wish to reverse the gears of our past years, pull out of the sloughs of our yesterdays, have the strength of joy, the inspiration to holiness, and humility for true service? here it is: I too came from God: he loves me: my home is in him; I am welcome in his presence; he appoints and sustains my service and will bring me to his glory.

In the prayer by Jesus recorded in John 17, he prays, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given to them." What glory was this? The same author in the first chapter of this Gospel wrote: "And the word was made flesh; and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten, full of grace and truth. No man hath seen God at any time, but he has been unfolded by the divine One—the only Son—who lieth on the bosom of the Father." In

the manger, in the temple, on the hillsides, by the lake shores, in the synagogues, in Gethsemane, and on Calvary, the rays of deity radiated through him. This glory he gives to us. We are to carry on the mystery and marvel of the incarnation by recollecting whence we came, who we are, why we are here, and whither we go.

Paul was a Jew and not a Greek. He speaks from experience and not the rational deductions of reason. Yet Paul reveled in a divine consciousness. Join together a few phrases, and what a picture he gives us. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live: yet not I; Christ liveth in me. I am quickened with Christ, raised with him, seated with him in heavenly places. My life is hid with Christ in God. I set my mind on things above and not on earthly things. I look not at the things seen, but through them at the unseen things, the things that are eternal and abide." Paul evidently dwelt in the heavenly places. He had a passion to follow the Master as closely as possible. He desired to experience the power of Christ's resurrection, not in a physical sense, but in spiritual recollection. He followed hard on the fellowship of Christ's sufferings and wished to be pressed into the very mold of his death and thereby attain

an emancipation from the bondage of mortality. This consciousness was behind herculean tasks and a long catalogue of sufferings. Like a racer with his eye upon the goal, he was leaving the lower things while straining to recover and attain the higher possibilities. Paul, though eminently practical, was a genuine mystic.

Time would fail to trace this idea and ideal through the memoirs and literature of the mystics of all time. Some of their writings might drift us amid the metaphysical abstractions by which they sought to explain their experiences. They came upon a kind of "no man's land" called "The divine dark." From that they emerged into an immediate consciousness of the presence of and communion with God. The most that anyone can do with an experience is to put us upon the clue and indicate by a few signs or symbols the general direction. Each one must travel the road for himself, and only so can he appreciate what his predecessors tried to say. "When genius speaks to us, we feel a ghostly reminiscence of having in ourselves, in a distant youth, had vaguely this selfsame thought which genius now speaks, but which we had not the art or courage to clothe with form and utterance."

Jesus spoke many things and indicated that they were mysteries to those who had ears, but hearkened not. "If ye will receive it" is always a condition upon which insight hinges. "The great speak only to appreciative ears." If we miss the overtones and harmonies of eternity, and our place in it, it is because we have become dull in all soul faculties and functions. One does not need a profound knowledge of the theories of philosophy or theology to follow this trail. One does not necessarily need a time table or map to mount a train for a given point. The "woman of Samaria" had no profound intellectual gifts, but she had a dim notion of the hope and desire for truth and found herself face to face with the Messiah who spoke to her of the deepest truth. Philosophers are the saints and martyrs of thought, and knowing the keen delight of understanding, they try to survey the territory of the mind and report their findings. We cannot repose permanently in their theories, but we may follow their experiences.

I return once more to the significant injunction, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He had a divine consciousness of his own glorious self. His oneness with God was not something to be

taken by storm or grasped by o'erweening ambition. He needed not to retain it, nor could he cancel it by becoming incarnated in man. It was a something that could be worked out in human experience. He could be a servant and still remain divine. When the Last Supper was over, Jesus, knowing whence he was—from God; knowing who he was—the Son of God; knowing that all things were in his power; and knowing that his foot was on the threshold of the eternal home and that within a day he would be with the Father—with this consciousness upon him, he rose from supper, girded himself with a towel, poured water in a basin, and kneeling in turn before each disciple, washed their feet. The consciousness of a divine royalty is the genius of true service. And he went into the shadows of Gethsemane and went calmly to his cross on Calvary. The consciousness cannot be daunted by suffering and death. Because he humbled himself unto the death of the cross, God highly exalted him above all principalities, powers, and names, as Lord of lords and King of kings. To follow him, live his life, do his works, one must have his consciousness. Therefore "Let his mind be in you."

Lecture VI

THE QUEST FOR IMMORTALITY

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The book of Job represents the storm land of the soul. A spirit of travail broods over the agonizing experience of this patriarchal saint of Uz. The author of this book dares to ask the deepest questions of the soul. He does not hesitate to exhibit his hero in moods and emotions which were contrary to the orthodox theology of his day, but which we find remarkably true to the common experience of human life. For Abraham and his descendants, righteousness was a path leading to the uplands of prosperity. For Job, the virtue of reverence, sincerity, and uprightness purchased no immunity from adversity, suffering, shame, and death. He tried it not in word, but in deed. In the land of the shadow of death, his soul wandered far beyond the signposts of traditional theology, and he had to be his own pathfinder through the darkness and storm.

Job had been a religious man. His experience had run smoothly. Health and happiness and prosperity had been the companions of his days. His possessions were a divine

seal of approval upon his religion. So far his experience ran in the traditional groove and harmonized with his academic theology. Suddenly the clouds gather, storms break, and floods of adversity set in. He is swept away from the anchorage of traditional beliefs. Now he exhibits the doubts which in former days he had suppressed. Question upon question, supposed to have been settled or unanswerable, now leap to his lips. Complaints, demands, and expressions—shockingly unorthodox—burn their way into the public hearing. He seems a lost soul—a wandering star. But all the time we feel him to be truly human; and somehow we believe that the Divine Presence is much nearer this honest groping man than to the narrow, dogmatic, traditional friends who vainly attempt to reprove and rescue their friend.

Job was wrestling with the mysteries of the world of nature and life. A deductive theology had failed him. He now followed an inductive method. His calamities had made him bold to inquire. He would demand, and the Almighty must answer him. He would seek God directly; he would come before his presence; he would unbare his mind and heart. In this mood he broods upon the crucible of human experience with all its antitheses

and mystery and boldly defines his thought in questions—questions, deeply yearning questions—which every generation asks anew and to which every thinking mind must find its own answers. Among these many interrogations, there is none that engages our interest more than the one chosen for our consideration this day. Job contrasted the life of a forest tree with the life of man. The tree may suffer the shock of many adversities and yet come to the resurrection of a renewed life. But man! Sorrow marks him for her own; affliction lays hold upon him; disease wears him out. "Man yieldeth up the spirit, and where is he?"

"The all-beholding sun shall see him no more.
Earth that nourished him shall claim
His growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
His individual being, shall he go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon.
. . . As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them."

By these countless graves have marched the long procession of Adam's race, and generation after generation through all the long millennia have asked that one, oft-repeated, insistent question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

The human mind can never abandon an interest in the idea of immortality. It may be clouded with superstition, haunted by fear, entangled with strange vagaries, or strained by the processes of logic. But there it is smoking dimly in the heart of a savage, burning brightly in the soul of faith, or wandering uncertainly in the mind of the philosopher. When the mind no longer feels the lure to venture beyond the border of our mortal experience, it has compromised with materialism, bartered the spiritual potentialities of the soul for the pottage of the years, and surrendered the inheritance for which man was made in the image of God. One may be perplexed with doubts and harassed with misgivings and yet feel the mystic pull or drive of a deep intuition. But when a mind calmly denies any concern about the morrow after death it puts out some candles in the soul. Caliban may feel the checks of long-estab-

lished conventional proprieties; but, without the dream of immortality, he cannot but drift upon the sensuous tides of carnal indulgence.

The cloud of mystery lies upon every horizon of human life. We can trace the immediate causes of our physical existence, and to some extent our imagination may follow the trail of evolutionary progress. But those mysterious intimations which seem extraphysical, those subtle undefined ideas that come like visitants from a spiritual realm, whence come they, and what is their validity? We look about us and encounter many challenges, forcing the mind to wrestle with the problems of our existence. We project our thought to that horizon which marks the end of mortal career and ask the awesome question, What of that morrow after death? These are questions which are latent in every mind, and many thousands of our fellow men would listen on their knees before one who could speak upon these themes with an assurance and knowledge void of all guesswork.

There is a common and unchanging experience in human life which serves to center a mental travail about the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Our proud civilization, with its achievements in art, discoveries of science, inventions of genius,

and broadening education, has not and cannot banish the shadow of death from our homes. In the crises gathering about the dissolution of a life in whom the meshes of our love are interwoven, all our distinctions fade into a common grief. The wise man has no advantage over his less favored neighbor when his child's life is trembling in the balance. The rich man has no more exemption from grief, when the funeral *cortège* leaves his palace, than his humble tenant who follows his dead from the cottage. Our boasting modern progress has served, not to alter the drama of experience, but only to change the stage setting, scenery, and costume. The play and the players are the same: anxiety, care, and fear; temptation, sin, and sorrow; death, tears, bitterness, and loneliness—these abide to all generations. Happily for us, our normal temperament is so organized that we do not burden ourselves with matters remote from immediate experience. Sometimes, in our want of faith, we try to buttress the future and allow the fictitious shadows of to-morrow to cast their spell of care upon to-day. Against this danger we are counseled by one who inhabits eternity, who knows the future as the past, and who says, "Be not anxious for the morrow; . . . sufficient unto the day are the

evils thereof." That morrow is a ghost land. "This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice therein and be glad." But it is equally abnormal not to raise, sometime, the question of the future. To-morrow merges into to-day, and with it comes the invasion of the family circle. Lights out; laughter dead; voices still; work ceased; while sighs and tears have their day. Then we must ask about the mysterious bourne, whence travelers return no more. We cannot return to life's routine with courage and hope unless we have some reasonable assurance that life has a larger meaning than threescore years and ten, and that eternity holds some personal inheritance for us. It is therefore wise and sane for us to follow any clue that gives promise of aid in our quest for immortality and life. On such a theme the mind may run on many tangents, and for us common folk it should not be hardened by intensive philosophical or scientific arguments. But even our consideration may view life with poetic interest that has a sound scientific basis.

Life is a subtle, mysterious thing. It is a something which works at millions of phenomena that we can behold and appreciate, and at the same time is so secretive that it eludes our keenest search and defies our most

minute analysis. It has millions of artists and artisans that seize upon material and build themselves up in infinite variety and complexity of forms. It has many gradations, from the anemone which lives and perishes in the nethermost darkness on the sea's floor up to the man who considers the sun, moon, and stars and thinks deeply upon his relationship to the God of all creation. Man has a life that is normally rounded out in seven decades; yet he develops an imagination that explores the universe, a conscience that rises above animal instinct, a will that learns some measure of freedom and longs for something beyond and above the experiences of the mortal years. Something of eternity flashes and focuses in his mind.

Biology is a science which is busy observing and studying the manifold forms of life. In the institutes of research, men are examining and classifying the benevolent and malevolent bacteria which carry on a strife in all physical life. We need not burden or confuse our main consideration by suggesting the complexity of this struggle. But we must recognize that life has expanding circles of complexity, apprehension, and endurance according to the powers that are in the life itself. This expansion finds its climax in man. Physically

he has no superiority over many other forms of life. Chemically he is composed of the same elements as are found in domestic animals. The philosopher and his dog have much in common. There are many types of life that outlive man by a century or more. There are types of life whose instincts are safer guides than the reason of man. A dog will nose his way home through swamp and jungle where a man will perish for lack of knowledge. A chick a few days old will find its own food and run from danger where a babe lies helpless for many months. It is not in physical categories where we make the comparison. Man has inherent mental, moral, and spiritual forces which give him dominion over life.

"Look you on this picture and on that." Here is an unconscious physical mewling which we call a babe—so fragile, helpless, dependent! It can only squirm and cry. Yet it is the center of interest and solicitude, the object of unremitting affection and care. Why? It is a bundle of remarkable potentialities. We knock at a dozen doors of that latent mind to waken and develop personality. The days and years pass, and there stands a man who understands the movements of the universe; analyzes its elements, controls its forces, thinks with a mind like a

god. What a change! Miracle! We are so accustomed to miracles that their absence, not their presence, excites us. Let a child become static, a confirmed dwarf in body and mind, and we are shocked. The miracle of development from a babe to a philosopher we accept as a commonplace—pass it up as though we understood it, again confounding familiarity with knowledge.

The wide gulf between man and the animal world, with which he has a physical kinship, is evidenced in the fact that he changes the surface of the earth and modifies all the customs of living. He blazes trails into the jungles, builds highways in the wilderness, pierces the mountains, and digs into the depth of earth; he turns the water courses and makes the desert a garden; he illumines the night and harnesses a thousand forces to serve him. Other creatures adjust or fail to articulate with their environments. Man only changes them, giving evidence of a divinity in his soul, in that within certain bounds he is a very creator. And where those bounds may be no thinking man will assume to predicate.

Again, man transforms himself. This is a most significant revolution. The temporary eclipse caused by a reversion to the brutal savagery of war may not permanently ob-

scure the moral growth of man. We are aware of the fact that selfishness and evil may abuse the mental genius of man and employ it for evil ends. But history faces us with great crises in which the moral tides find a constant rise. Within all the struggle, where selfishness is still so evident and contagious, there is an evident idealism which is constantly urging man forward. There are books and dramas in which vice is suggested or paraded that still gain the applause of like-minded souls: men of whom Paul writes, "They not only do it themselves, but applaud those who practice it." But, take it in the main, men and women who read or witness plays want to see the things come out right. Even children at the cinematographs will feel compassion for the true hero when the current of affairs runs against him and shout with glee when the snob or villain is overtaken with exposure, condemnation, and punishment. Take a long look into history, and we note some genuine permanent changes for good. Paul's epic of iniquity recorded in the first chapter of his letter to the Romans may have been a mirror of the Roman society of his day. But it would be too sweeping to apply it to mankind in general to-day. The gospel of grace for which he was an apostle has been a

leaven in the world. It has not yet conquered our modern complex social organizations nor our international relationships. But even these are feeling the great ground swell of those moral ideals and forces which are bound to regenerate man in all his relationships. When the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, and the fruits of the Spirit become dominant in all our associations, civilization will come to its own and the kingdom of God reign among men.

There are relationships and institutions among men which are extraphysical. There is the family with its home. Something more than the instincts of paternity and progeny burn on the hearth. There is a love which has been generated and regenerated from certain creative centers, until a divinity transfigures life and makes it Godlike. We have earthly fathers; and if they are the true kind, they become metaphors of God. We look up from these human fathers and reach toward the mystery divine and speak the name, Father. We nestle in the tender embrace of mother and somehow feel around us the "everlasting arms." With these intuitions we pioneer into spiritual realms and experience the light of revelation—fragmentary, growing, and illuminative. We experience

inspiration—partial, increasing, and revolutionary. Under the ægis of these there is born the hope of an ideal, good, and glorious life which is not possible in our present material and mortal conditions. Man peering wistfully, longingly, hopefully into eternity is the crowning miracle of God. Man made in the image of God is far more than "the beauty of the earth, the paragon of animals."

We shall save our minds much embarrassment if in this quest we avoid the wrong and follow the right road. It is always confusing when we burden religious problems with irrelevancies. Sometimes we have sought to make our sacred scriptures so elastic as to have anticipated all modern scientific discoveries and harmonize with the last findings of research work. But religion has no immediate concern with laboratory or observatory. In the days of Jesus the astronomical ideas of his time were illusively wrong, and ten thousand notions obtained which have since been swept to the rubbish heap of our thinking. The physical constitution of things was wholly unknown. Yet Jesus never said a word to correct these misconceptions or to enlighten his age in matters of physical science. For such acumen man had a sufficient, potential equipment. He would not be the

minister of a renaissance in that field. But in things relating to God and man, sin and salvation, here our Lord speaks with the positiveness of a specialist. In the several departments of investigation we have learned to recognize the value and authority of the specialist. In the matters of religion Jesus is the specialist. His life was such as to furnish him a unique experience. Out of this experience "he spake as never man spake." And many thousands out of every generation since his day, when pressed by the embarrassments of sore dilemmas, have said: "To whom shall we go, Lord? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Our questions of science may not be taken to the Bible or the oratory of prayer. They must be taken to the laboratory and answered entirely aside from our religious interests. Neither may we bring our problems in religion to the physical scientist. We must bring them to Him who "has the words of spirit and of life." Only by avoiding irrelevancies can we escape confusion.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Physical science has no answer to this question. If it had, all scientists would be believers in immortality. But many are skeptical and agnostic, and some bold in their denial of its probability. Many scientists do believe in

the hope of immortality, but they do so on grounds entirely outside of the investigations of material science. Mr. Charles Darwin once affirmed his belief in the absolute trustworthiness of the instincts in lower forms of life; and it was an obedience to these instincts which secured the ascending scale of life, in the progress of evolution. This statement from so eminent a biologist may furnish us a clew in our quest for the higher life. With man, immortality is a primary intuition. However crudely this hope may shape itself, it is certainly universal among men. We may utterly repudiate the superstitions in which this thought has expressed itself, but we must admit the primacy of the intuition itself. Some students have affirmed that this universal idea had its origin in dreamland. The savage and barbarian dreamed that he was away on the chase or in the conflict of war. Yet his body remained where he fell asleep. He therefore concluded that his soul had an existence independent of his body. Another night his dream would conjure before his vision the memory of some friend or foe deceased. He therefore argued that his soul had an existence in the spirit realm. That dreams affected the thinking of primitive people is reasonably certain. But to say that

such dreams gave birth to the intuition is questionable. It was accepted as confirmatory of the instinct, but hardly as creative. The intuition prevails, both where reason is utterly voided and also where reason has analyzed the dream stuff of the mind and emancipated our hope from such vagaries as visit the restless mind in the hours of sleep. The dream of the savage passes, but "In Memoriam" abides. The hope of immortality is a basic intuition which argues through reason, conscience, affection, and will.

Reason affirms that we live in an intelligible world. It discovers an integrity in the relationships of matter and forces which make them dependable for all the purposes for which life exists. The romance of science is but a reading of the intelligible order of nature. So far as reason has deciphered this order, we discover that life has been moving upon an ascending scale. It is scarcely thinkable that we have reached the summit. Our own aspirations and ideas are far in advance of our attainments and experience. Since nature sprang from a dependable cause, works in a definite order, seems to follow some purpose, it must be moving toward some goal. Our latest philosophy affirms that things are not moving in a vast circle through convertible energy,

but rather that the motion is like a spiral through a "creative evolution." And it must be working out some idea. If then we can conceive such an end and faithfully and intelligently coöperate with it, it seems but rational that we should have some part in it. Evidently the mind has a large capacity for knowing some things which are not attainable within the brief span of our present existence. And if nature can create an appetite and capacity for which there is no answering provision, it has overreached itself and becomes untrustworthy. But since we see such splendid balance in all the known relationships, it is not unreasonable to believe that, somehow and somewhere, the noblest aspirations and deepest longings of life shall find a compensation both satisfying and real.

Conscience is equally emphatic in its demand for time and opportunity to perfect the life of which it is an organic factor. Conscience is a divine monitor in the soul, sensing the moral quality of all attitudes and activities. It reproves and rebukes when we fall below the standards set in the best moments of our lives. Conscience is the light of a holy ideal. When we tarry to think of it, we wonder that people whom we regard as pure and trustworthy are continually confessing their short-

comings and praying to attain some altitude of character which seems forever beyond them. Why is it that years of effort and attainment do not change the prayer to one of contentment? Is it that life remains stationary and progress becomes paralyzed? Not at all. The very persons in whom we recognize the highest advance, and whom we esteem as the very nearest approximation of sainthood, are those with whom confession and longing become increasingly sensitive. It is because the function of conscience is not only to censure our failures, but to pioneer among the undiscovered heights and enlarge the horizon of our capacities. Conscience is the lure of perfection in character. Now, as a matter of history and experience, we find that men who have been true to this "inner light" come to the end of life's pilgrimage with a sense of incompleteness. The wistful look is still in the eye and the pathos still in the voice as they cry: "Not that I have already attained or am already made perfect. . . . I count not myself to have laid hold; but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press onward toward the goal." But are there any "things which are before," and is there any goal beyond the lane with its narrow

house? Does conscience reprove, rebuke, exhort, and inspire man to nobility of conduct and lofty achievement, only to fling its best product into the shame of a corruptible end? Has nature implanted a false intuition in human personality? Is the noblest song of the soul sung by a deceiving siren? Is the light on the western horizon a mirage? If conscience be true, then it asks for time and opportunity to achieve its perfect work and present the ripe product of its genius—a life balanced in righteousness and truth. And since its work is only begun on this side of the grave, it also asks an eternal morrow to work out its salvation and glory.

The heart, the heart—home of all love, sequestered center of all most dear in life—sanctuary of peace and joy and hope—the heart would faint and die without the song of life immortal. The affection of home ties is the divinest thing on earth. There the mystic shuttle of love weaves life into life. We live in and for one another. We are not complete in ourselves. We are rounded out in our proxies. Then, just as we approach the ideal enjoyment, the strands of affection, which took years to grow and refine, are suddenly snapped. The delicate tendrils that weave about the child life, the intertwining stems of youthful

days, the maturer growth along the trail of the friendly years, are rudely torn asunder. The heart breaks; and then the old tragic story—tears, and sighs, and breathless silence, and loneliness, and freezing darkness. Amid the laughter, sunshine, and joy of this day, how many, many stand within the shadow of deep bereavement and wonder how the sun can shine and the birds sing! And how many, many more live over the heart-wounding memories that center in far-away echoes, faded faces, vanished forms! And is this the end? Must love's genius forever end in work immature and incomplete? Better never to have known love—this fragment of divine experience—than to taste it for a day and learn the bitterness of eternal death. Just when the harp of human affections is keyed to the minor strain, it needs the song of immortality and life.

Not least among the witnesses of the hope of eternal life is the human will. Here we come to the throne-room of the personality. The will lies at the base line of character, and character is the prophecy of destiny. We have learned to recognize that morbid tempers can produce pathological conditions and effects in our physical organization, and that the will must exercise its royal power to overcome

threatened decay. We daily witness the will to live overcoming the working of disease and by restoring the balance of functions recovering health. But it is in the mental and moral realm where the will exercises its crucial powers. We hold the will answerable for the actions of life. We attach blame to the will if it allows itself to be stormed into the enactment of evil and wrong. Affections, desires, imagination, and conscience all bear upon the will. But we hold the will responsible for the choices and acts of the individual. Since the reason, conscience, heart, and imagination all direct their gaze toward the western horizon with longing and expectancy, the will joins issue with them and directs the life toward the achievement of its highest goal. Conquering its way through many obstacles, the will plods on in a belief "that to them that by steadfastness in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality (there shall be the reward of) life eternal." The will of man has creative powers. Following the clew of these intuitions already emphasized, the will seeks to marshal the forces of life toward that bourne which leads the soul to its home in God. It believes in a victory over death and the grave, and inspires the coöperation of all our faculties in seeking that which will answer the best promptings of the human spirit.

Here, then, we pause by the open grave and face the dilemma opened by the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" The first implication suggests a negative answer. But immediately a fervid protest makes a new question. Does the travail of nature through its long reaches from darkness to light bring forth its genius in the form of man only to play with him a few days and then cast all aside as unworthy of perpetuity? Does life grow all its beauty of ideals, hopes of perfection, flowers of love, and strength of character, only to be repudiated in the hour of death? Does the evolutionary process work its way through long ages of growth to bring forth a life that can think of God, reverence and love that which is righteous and good, imagine everlasting life, coöperate with every pure and exacting instinct; and just as it seems to reach the ideal hoped for, then undermine its very being and cast the fair flower away into the rottenness of the grave? Can this be the goal of nature and life? To ask the question is to sneer at reason, challenge the conscience, laugh at love, degrade the imagination, and make a mockery of all the vital instincts and noble intuitions of the soul. With such a climax of despair, well may the wise man write, "The day of a man's

death is better than the day of his birth." However bright the dawn, with such a black cloud for the close of day a thinking man like Job finds just ground for cursing the day of his birth. If death ends all, then the soul troubled with the bitterness and pains of life may well say farewell to hope, "curse God, and die." But just because it is unnatural to do these things, and because we believe in the integrity of nature and our instincts, we still persist in our quest of immortality and life.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Who will answer this deepest inquiry of the human heart? In vain have we hoped for an affirmative voice from modern science. If we travel down that avenue with our quest, we meet only with disappointing echoes. Perhaps no man expected more from the processes of physical research than Prof. Thomas Huxley, and no man looked for more from the rational processes of the mind than Mr. Herbert Spencer. What answers do these men give to our questions? "I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity, as it is set forth in the annals of history."[1] "When we think of the myriads of years of the earth's past, during which have arisen and passed away low forms of creatures,

[1]Huxley.

small and great, which, murdering and being murdered, have gradually evolved, how shall we answer the question: To what end? Behind these mysteries lies the all-embracing mystery—whence this universal transformation, which has gone on unceasingly throughout a past eternity and will go on unceasingly throughout a future eternity? Along with this rises the paralyzing thought, What if, of all that is thus incomprehensible to us, there exists no comprehension anywhere? No wonder that men take refuge in authoritative dogma."[1] In many of the writers upon scientific themes we come upon pathetic sighs and disheartening groans, as they look into the mists of the unknown. The gospel of despair is not attractive to its own prophets. Renan says: "We are living on the perfume of an empty vase. Candidly speaking, I fail to see how, without the ancient dreams, the foundations of a happy, noble life are to be relaid." For our quest, physical science proves to be a *cul-de-sac*.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" In our dilemma we may appropriate the words of Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." We must come to the specialist "who brought life and im-

[1]Spencer.

mortality to light through the gospel." "God has spoken to us in his Son, whom he appointed heir of all things. . . . Never man spake as this man." He is the object of our quest and answers the question of our soul. "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

Jesus came into our life by way of human descendancy. His genealogy is mentioned in the New Testament, and the miracle of his sinless life does not veto his coming through human generation. He did not come outside of our humanity into the neighborhood of our experiences. He came into our very life, to be the partner of all that is common to us—sin excepted—and to realize the divine ideal in man. Man is made in the image of God. There is a potential divinity resident in his soul. This Godlike image, however, is marred by sin, and the divine purpose is broken. These things are written in our sacred scriptures because they are facts in universal experience. Every man is a miniature of mankind and every experience an abridged edition of the tragedy or triumph befalling the divine image in man. In Jesus the divine image is restored and realized, and through

him the purpose of God is resumed in man. In him we have a consciousness unclouded by any transgression; a fellowship with God unbroken by any sin; and a life unmarred by any failure. His history is something more than an interesting biography or the romance of a pure life. It is an epitome of redemption. The life of Jesus is the final type of humanity. He is its crown and ideal. In him are realized the truth and grace and life for which men sigh. If his life ends at the grave, it is all over for man. If the cross is the end of virtue, compassion, purity, and love; if the scorn and spitting, and blows and thorns, and nails and spear are the final reward of a sinless and saving life, then farewell hope. Life is nothing but a long-drawn doomsday.

Sometimes men say, Even if there is no to-morrow for man, it is still better to be virtuous, serviceable, self-denying, and self-sacrificing here than to indulge ourselves with ease and comfort, idleness and selfishness. But such argument savors of special pleading. It does not have the ring of sincerity. We are not constituted so that we can rejoice in duties and sacrifices that have no worthy issue. It sounds like whistling when courage has ebbed. It lays a flattering unction to the soul. St. Paul was never thus self-deceived. He wrote

in all frank honesty, saying, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable."

Jesus came both to reveal and communicate the life which issues in immortality. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." Life is large or small in proportion to its correspondence with its environments. If a physical sense becomes impaired or broken, correspondence is checked and life's experience becomes circumscribed. When the sense of sight fails, a whole world is blotted out. When the hearing becomes defective, the world of sound begins to slip away. When a nerve becomes paralyzed, the sensations of pain and pleasure with their answering reactions pass away. The keener the senses become the more sensitive and extensive the experiences of life grow. We amplify our senses by our inventions. The functions of sight and hearing are marvelously extended by means of the telescope, microscope, telephone, and autophone. Observatories and laboratories put us in correspondence with areas infinitely beyond the unaided sense perceptions. Phenomena far beyond the reach of our ordinary and natural sense functions, by the aid of inventions, register within the

mind, and we learn to classify and coördinate them. If we could develop a sixth, seventh, tenth, or twentieth physical sense, we should perceive unsuspected existences all about us. As it is, we develop the mind which is constantly amplifying our correspondence with what is already within reach and enlarging life's knowledge and experience. Perhaps we do not need to know any more of phenomena, but bend the energies of the mind upon what lies behind and within these existences. We may discover the artist beside his picture. We may come to know the worker as well as his work. We may discover God, become partakers of the divine nature, and integrate ourselves with his purposes and will. "This is life eternal, to know thee (God), and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." When God, through Christ, becomes an environment in whom we live and move and have our being, when we experience that correspondence which unites us with his love and will, we have the life which is "life indeed." Life, the life of man, then, is endowed with a capacity for immortality. But this immortality is something which must be achieved. "For God will render to every one according to what he has done, eternal life to those who by patiently doing good aim at glory, honor, and im-

mortality." "Blessed are those that have *a right* to the tree of life, the right to enter the gates of the city."

Jesus came to bring this life with its assurance of immortality to light through the gospel. He did not come to reveal the natural mortal life of man. That had been in the world and the currents of history for many centuries. He did not even come to reveal its moral developments. He came to bring us to God; to establish a fellowship with God and so possess us of a quality of life which is not bounded within the mortal years. The normal pilgrimage of man ends beside the open grave. Before the Son of God with the life he had, the border lines of death utterly vanish.

When we think of Jesus, we do not focus our attention upon his physical being or even his good moral conduct. We think of one who is in intimate and unbroken communion with God. Of such an one we never can predicate the limitations of power or the boundaries of possibilities. It would lead us too far afield to make even an excursus into the domain of philosophy and aver that the universe is spiritual and that all power is spiritual. Hence, extraordinary phenomena, even in the physical realm, through one who is in ex-

traordinary communion with God, neutralizes and destroys the barriers to faith believing in the works of Jesus. In his presence death retires—he abolishes it. What is recorded of him in the home of Jairus, on the road leading from the town of Nain, and before the family sepulcher at Bethany were but adumbrations of his own experience in the conquest of death and the grave.

Sometimes we feel a very deep shock in the presence of death, when it has touched childhood in the dawn of life, or youth in the blush of hope, or one going in the strength of the years. We dare not issue the challenge: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" We are too painfully conscious of both the sting and victory of death. We resent the grim interference which does not let them live out the brief span of the mortal years, but cuts them off in the midst of the years. If this life were all, we might not only justly quarrel with death nipping off the flowers of life, we might even question the justification of our being launched on the tides of life at all.

At this point we may note how dramatic was the incident of death in the career of Jesus. He was cut off out of the land of the living in the very prime of life. Yet we find no com-

plaint on his lips. He does not pray as did others for longevity. He has a deeper consciousness of his reserves of life. His childhood and youth are passed over in silence, and he could not illustrate the grace of growing old gracefully. He would not illustrate an album of seven decades of life. His dynamic has the fullness of the life that now is and that which is to come. As the cloud settles upon him, even while the court issues the warrant for his arrest and the executioner waits to hurry him to death, he sings: "I shall live and not die; . . . for thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol; neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." Sadness had heavily depressed the souls of his disciples. Noting this upon their countenances, he said to them: "Sorrow hath filled your heart. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice." Rejoice! Rejoice in the face of the executioner! Yes, "Rejoice because I go unto the Father." For him there were no shades of death, no shadowy regions of Sheol or Hades where the soul went on in attenuated condition with depleted powers. No pilgrimage of unending incarnations until the very love of life is stamped out and the soul sinks at last

into the abyss of oblivion. Quite the opposite. He looked toward the realms of light, where the personality grows up into the fullness of God.

While approaching the subject of immortality from the standpoint of an evolutionist, we may still travel the ancient route indicated in the New Testament scriptures. Quoting from several authors referring to the immortality of Jesus, we read, "It was not possible that he should be holden of death . . . who hath been made after the power of an indissoluble life, . . . who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel" (Acts 2: 24; Heb. 7: 16; 2 Tim. 1: 10). I bring these passages together as supplementing and illuminating one another. There are here several progressive ideas. First, death had no dominion over the experience of Jesus. Second, the reason for this lay in the fact that he was in possession of a life which had a power to conquer decay and possessed in it a dynamic which would require eternity for its perfect unfolding. Third, the issue was that he brought into human experience a life that could push back the borders of death and open the vistas of immortality. For many minds the interest in the theme begins with the last idea—

namely, the vision of an immortal life. This is like skipping the story and reading the last chapter in the book to see how the tale will end. This is to miss the sequence and fail to discover the romance of the gospel. We must begin at the other end and consider the life, of which immortality is the corollary, if we would appreciate the dimensions of that gospel which brings these things to light.

Men once believed, and many still hold, that when this little span of life is done personality suddenly crystallizes in some permanent form and that through an endless eternity the soul must go on forever in pleasure or in pain. Such a thesis not only tangles the skein of our thinking, but obscures the glory of the gospel of redemption. Modern thought has no place for life that becomes static save in the museum of obsolete ideas. The doctrine of evolution clearly recognizes that life must have the ability of adjustment to the constant changes in environment and also a dynamic by which it can overcome the forces that make for disintegration and death.

We naturally think of immortality against the background of death. And since death can in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, smite and dissolve our mortal existence, we incline to think that immortality is also the

affair of an instant: like Mercury, who springs full-grown from the front of Jove, so immortality will at once invest life with all that eternity has to give. To take life at any stage whatever and endow it with a static immortality were a calamity. The author of the Eden story in the book of Genesis represents this idea in dramatic form. "And now, lest he put forth his hand and eat of the tree of life and live forever"—become immortal in a static condition—he drives the man out of the garden, to work out a far higher destiny, though it be with the sweat of an agonizing purpose and the travail pains of a thousand new conceptions. Better far to struggle amid the trials of discipline, disappointment, sorrows, and achievements than obtain a condition, however exalted, but with no further power of growth, no capacity for wonderment, and no passion of progress. It is no wonder that the cynic suggests that the constant, restless twanging of a harp for a million years might grow a bit monotonous. Especially would this be so if there were but one unchanging symphony to play. Immortality is to be the issue and consequence of a potential, powerful, expanding life. Therefore in considering this subject our first inquiry must swing around the life which holds latent a

dynamic that gives hope of achieving the high destiny.

Immortality is not some destiny conferred from without, but the flower and fruitage which must be developed from a life within. It is not like the gift of knighthood, as when a man kneels before a royal sovereign—a plebeian—and at the touch of a sword rises an aristocrat—a titled gentleman. It is not the touch of a magician's wand by which the mortal parts are suddenly endowed with deathless qualities. It is not something that can be put on like a cosmetic or rouge powder. It is the bounding pulse of an inner life, the life of Christ in the soul, blushing with an imperishable youth. It is mortality swallowed up in life.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews strikes a dominant note at this point. "He is made after the power of an indissoluble life." Death had no dominion over him. But there is something much more than the waiving aside of death here. The emphasis is upon the dynamic—the *power* of an endless life. Therefore it was impossible that he should be holden of death. There was a divine imperative in the entire life and experience of Jesus. He *must* come into the world to save sinners. He *must* be about his Father's busi-

ness. He *must* suffer many things and be crucified. But also he *must* arise from the dead. He did not end one life at the cross and then on Easter morning have another immortal condition conferred upon him. He had the life—eternal life—in him in the days of his flesh. That life was so deep and broad in its potentiality that it will require eternity for its unfolding and manifestation. Here is the crux of the whole matter. Immortality is the result of an ever-advancing life.

Jesus was a manifestation of God in the terms of human personality under the limitations of the mortal life. He evidently felt himself strained under the conditions. Not only had he words to say which he could not speak because of the limited understanding of his hearers, but he had powers to unfold which had to wait larger life. He said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I *straitened* until it be accomplished!" There were new lights and new resources of power which had to wait his manifested triumph over death and the grave. In his immortal glory he continues to be the revelation of God. There is nothing static in his life. Age after age new glories will issue from him, whose power of life is indissoluble because its resources in God are inexhaustible. We are

charmed by the beauty of Jesus' life on earth because we see in it the change of newness and the unfolding qualities of latent powers. So shall it be beyond the veil. There will remain the joy of the "old, old story," but it will not remain a monotonous repetition. There will be the new, new song, and that will prove the romance of the eternal age. It is this continuity in life which justifies the statement that immortality is an achievement rather than an endowment. This outlook seems staggering to the imagination, but the things of infinitude and eternity are always staggering.

There is but one law for the master and for the servant. We shall not be touched by a wand and find our mortal parts blush into immortality. He gives us life—eternal life—abundant, inexhaustible life. It is a life which in communion with God becomes partaker of his divine nature. "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." It does not yet appear what we shall be, but as we bear the image of the earthy we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Like the Master, in this tabernacle, we groan being burdened, and we know that this earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved. But life will not end: it will be clothed upon with our house which is eternal

in the heavens. Mortality will be swallowed up in life.

We cannot imagine what powers lie latent within ourselves. All the genius of humanity is potential in us. Here we can only develop along the line of some narrow and exclusive choice. The moment we choose one line of activity we lay aside the exercise of many other potential forces. Musicians, artists, writers, investors, philosophers, scholars develop along one main line of activity. Success in any department means limitation in other fields of attainment. But all these possibilities lie within the human soul, and if they are to have their chance they require more time than the years of this life can give. The loss of any genius is tragic—the loss of all is unspeakable. The God who seemingly wastes the beauty and fragrance of flowers upon the desert air cannot mean to let the genius in humanity petrify in neglect and death.

The Christian life, too, is possessed of a manifold genius. We only develop a fraction of our possibilities here. Our spiritual ideals are so clouded and entangled in the carnal tyrannies that they struggle for any survival and growth. Even with our best will, the Spirit can only divide to us some portion of gift and service. But all of the Spirit and the

whole Christ is latent in the Christian. The charm of immortality is not in its timelessness and continuance, but in the growth, surprise, and continuous expansions of life. We need time—eternity—for these larger realizations. We shall be like Christ, for we shall see him as he is. But we will not exhaust all vision by a glance. We shall have ever newer and deeper revelations. These will in turn touch the deeper powers in ourselves, and by the same law by which we are changed from character to character as we behold him now, so shall we grow into his fullness as we see him there.

The biologist and evolutionist have a doctrine known as orthogenesis. Two generations ago the scientists set forth the struggle for existence and accounted for the origin of species by the survival of the fittest or natural selection. But struggle is only one element in progress. The "law of mutual aid" is another powerful dynamic. But orthogenesis holds that life has many hidden and unsuspected potencies which under the right stimulus break above the level and develop on newer and higher lines. The whole history of progress in all art and science supports this thesis. The same law abides and operates in the spiritual life. There are many creative centers in the soul of man which, kindled and nour-

ished by the Spirit, bring forth new life. There are many crises which we experience here. And our hope beyond is that these centers may develop without hindrance or check.

This light of life which now glimmers on the horizon should color our thinking and stimulate our action. Unending horizons are brought to light through the gospel. Sometimes we hear the phrase "the simple gospel." It is an affront to the revelation of God. A child may take hold on the wonders of literature by learning the alphabet; and a child may learn the confident trust of the Heavenly Father. But no one talks about simple chemistry, simple astronomy, simple science. The gospel is the most stupendous, staggering, mystic thing that can possess the mind of man. It is only simple minds who talk about a simple gospel. None of the great minds or great apostles use the phrase. Paul almost becomes speechless before the shoreless ocean of the love and truth of God. So the writer of the letter to the Hebrews, with this stupendous thought before him, writes of the "uttermost salvation." That means it has no boundaries. We may apply this salvation to any and every experience of life, and it remains inexhaustible. From the uttermost depths of sin, sorrow, and

death to the uttermost heights of holiness, joy, and life—this salvation avails. Many of our difficulties lie in the lack of imagination. Imagination is the faith faculty, and without faith it is impossible to know and triumph in God.

It is here that faith has its genius. Faith is not some weak substitute for reason. It is not credulity concerning cunningly devised fables. Faith climbs the ladder of reason and, standing on its topmost rung, it has a virility of mind which lays hold on what it cannot yet master in logical form. It pioneers among our inheritances. The lack of faith is not shrewdness, but blindness.

In a suggestive little book under the title of "Lumen," Flammarion describes a spirit emancipated from mortal limitations as flying with the speed of thought to any part of the universe. Consequently, as light reports the history of the earth into the far heavens, this spirit could station itself near or remote and witness or live over again the things long past. They are not passed far away. All things belong to such an observer. It is an imaginative picture. In spirit, however, all things are ours—all life and death; all height and depth; all past and future—all things are ours in the eternal world. Our life is hid with Christ in God who inhabits eternity.

Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life." That is, in him the immortal life has its initiative and illustration by his rising from the dead. The life whose glory was the cross has its sequel on Easter day. Golden light flushing eastern sky—angel wing cleaving air—earth trembling—tomb breaking—soldier guard in panic and flight—faithful women visiting empty tomb—message of hope, "He is risen"—gardener whispering, "Mary"—Saviour breathing, "All hail"—stranger face smiling familiarly across the table—assembled disciples, and "Jesus came and stood in their midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." "If a man die, shall he live again?" "I am the resurrection and the life. . . . He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

The Easter glory is of greatest significance. It is a climax which interprets God, justifies nature, explains experience, and transfigures man. The conception of a God behind evolving worlds, who can be content that his age-long processes shall have no other goal than a graveyard, is scarcely worth while. But a God dwelling in immortality and light, wishing to surround himself with a family, to enjoy his wisdom, power, and glory—a divine Father who can conduct his children through a cruci-

ble and give them beauty for ashes, a garment of praise for a spirit of heaviness, and clothe them with immortality and life—this is a thought worth while. A Father means children—children in whom he must realize his heart's desire for fellowship. End life at the grave—shut in the body of Jesus forever behind the sealed rock, and his life is no interpretation of God, but an inexplicable mystery. It needs the Easter light to behold a God of love.

If the dead can live again, then nature is intelligible. Some purpose works in the long processes of maturing life. Evolution is not a blind staggering somewhere, only to fall into final oblivion. It works out some design and worthy end. Some distinguished goal will justify the long travail of a groaning creation which aims to deliver life from the bondage of corruption. Unless there is some far-off divine event toward which creation moves, nature is only going the monotonous round of a weary circle, and its humdrum experiments and hopeless repetitions bring cursing and not blessing. It needs the Easter light to see the meaning of the crucible where "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Break a doorway through the farther side of

the grave, and make it a thoroughfare to immortality and life, and we have a compensation for the hard and bitter experiences of our days. End life with the sunset, and then a midnight that has no dawn, where wise men and fools, sages and chattering apes, saintly souls and treacherous villains—all molder and rot in a common grave; then what advantage is there in humble service, self-sacrificing heroism, and patient martyrdom for personal or common good? It all comes to one ignoble end. We need the Easter light to throw a rainbow on our tears, to weave sighs into songs, to bring glory out of suffering, and to assure us that "earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

If Christ is not risen, we cannot understand the significance of man. Instinctively all men feel that Jesus is the true man among men. Not only they who reach for high ideals, but the fallen also who worship afar off—in their hearts they proclaim him "worthy." Immortality and glory are the only fitting climax to his life of obedience, sacrifice, and love. Nothing but exaltation in everlasting glory can be a just equation of his humility and service—a vindication of his passion and cross. But as the imagination follows him from the empty tomb into the

glory of God and to a place on the throne of eternity, we feel that the creation of man is honorable to God and his end worthy of his wisdom and grace. And here our souls rest—the deepest instincts satisfied.

Who among us has not asked the question propounded by Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Sometime we will stand again and smell the fresh earth as we look into a new grave that swallows up the precious body from which a still more precious life is gone. Will those cold features ever break into a smile of recognition? Will those closed eyes ever again laugh on us with joyous affection? Shall we ever feel again the tender caress that sometimes touched us with those helpless hands? Shall we ever know the love that beat in that loyal still heart? Shall we ever hear again the silent voice that thrilled our hearts with rapture? O thou still and silent one, around whom our love and memories gather, thou art transfigured in this hour of death. We know thee now as we did not know thee in life. Our appreciation, like our flowers, comes too late for thine enjoyment. Must our repentant tears forever fall uncherished upon thy new-made grave? Shall we never, never again have opportunity to repair our neglect by whispering in thine ear, "Thou

knowest that I love thee"? Shall our hearts break the alabaster box and pour their tears and sighs and penitence into a grave eternally sealed with hopelessness? O God, the memories of yesterday bite into our souls with pain; and all the passionate desire to live forces the question afresh to our lips, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Answer thou the cry of our hearts, and assure us that the musician has not perished; the instrument only is broken and the genius escaped to enjoy an instrument more worthy of the holy art of life. The tenant has not fallen; only the mortal house is in ruins, while the inhabitant has moved into a building, not made with hands, a house prepared by God, eternal in the heavens. Without such assurance our life stands forever a dissatisfied, unfinished product.

"And his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as one dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying, Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades." God open our ears that we may hear his answer from the eternal height: "Be of good cheer. I have overcome, . . . and because I live ye shall live also." With this

assurance we can return to the experiences of life and amid all its changing vicissitudes and baffling antitheses say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

"If a man die, shall he live again?" "And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them." A beatitude for the chamber of death and the shadow of bereavement—a divine epitaph of hope beside the open grave.

Night after night,
Night after night we dauntlessly embark
On slumber's stream, in whose deep waves are drowned
Sorrow and care, and with all senses bound
Drift for a while beneath the somber arc
Of that full circle made of light and dark
Called life, yet have no fear, and know refound
Lost consciousness shall be, even at the sound
Of the first warble of some early lark
Or touch of sunbeam. O why not, then,
Lie down to our last sleep, still trusting Him
Who guided us so oft through shadows dim,
Believing somewhere on our sense again
Some lark's sweet note, some golden beam shall break
And with glad voices cry, "Awake! Awake!"

—*Gertrude Bloede.*

ADDENDA

ADDENDA

I

It was at a breakfast table in New York City, where two friends met: the one a minister in the city, the other the head of an academic institution visiting the city to arrange for its further care. In the intimacy of their friendship the one confided to the other that, as the result of medical consultations, he was informed of the presence of a disease which checked off with fatal certainty the limit of his mortal days. After a pause in which they both looked toward the shadow on the horizon, his friend said to him, "Tell me, what does it seem like when a man looks straight into his own grave?" He said: "I cannot exactly say. You see I have been an extremely busy man and have had no time to indulge the imagination with speculations concerning things beyond the boundary. It has pleased God to keep me so steadily plodding at my task, shuffling my feet in the dust of duty, that I have had no opportunity to look up much and guess what might lie farther on. I have a good conscience that I have done with my might the work that lay next to me,

and having cared for God's work as best I could in these earthly days, I can trust him that he will care for me in whatever lies behind the veil."

Here was no ecstatic vision, no illusion or dream, but a confident trust in a faithful God who inhabits eternity and would keep the tryst on the border line between time and eternity.

II

It was around the dinner table, and about a dozen guests were celebrating a birthday. I can still see the grace-lit, benign countenance of the guest of honor. His countenance was still ruddy with the autumn glow of a lifetime of valiant service, and his silvered hair had been frosted by eighty-six winters. His was a personality through which the surpassing peace was transfigured, and his speech or silence radiated an atmosphere of good cheer.

As I bade him good-night, I ventured to say, "I hope we will meet again a year hence and celebrate eighty-seven under like happy auspices." He smiled and answered, "At my time of life a thoughtful man is apt to speak with some reserve about another year."

Since we were standing alone and out of earshot from the group, I risked an interesting question. "Doctor, normally you are

nearer that mysterious border line than I am. Actually I may be summoned to cross it in advance of you. But all things considered you will reach it first. Having served in the gospel ministry more than half a century, may I ask, How does that next world seem to you from your place in the perspective of life?" He was deliberate in his answer and quietly replied: "I have naturally been thinking much of that during recent years. I have stood in the shadows of bereavement many times and sought to comfort sorrowing hearts, and now in my declining day I can say, I am not half so sure what the future life is as I was forty years ago. But I am twice as sure that it is." The emphasis had shifted from what to that, and there his faith rested on the "Rock of Ages."

III

It was in a mother's bedroom. The doctors and surgeons had done their best to catch up the rents and ravels which had worn down the mortal garment. The fourscore milepost had been far past, and the tide of life was on the ebb. Knowing that at any time the spirit might set sail on that tide for an eternal port, I one day took her well-worn Bible and read in the German tongue—the language of her

childhood—the twenty-first chapter of the book of the Revelation. When I finished, I saw she was gazing out of the window with a wistful look. Thinking that her fancy might have caught sight of the minarets of the city whose walls, foundations, gates, and streets flashed under the splintered light that shone brighter than the sun, I asked, "Mother, what do you think of that?" A smile broke on the face where wrinkles were lines of beauty as she shook her head and said, "O, it is nothing like that." I inquired, "Mother, just what do you mean?" I had learned to revere the utterances of one who always spoke out of the assurance of a long, deep, and vital experience. I waited with interest her answer. "You know that world is spiritual, and we are physical. There are no cognates that can translate the one into the other. We are so material in our comprehensions that the best that could be done was to take the most beautiful and precious things of the physical and compose them into a picture. But faith looks not at the things seen, but through them at the unseen. So it is nothing like gold, glass, pearls, or precious stones. It is far, far better than all that." Here was a saint with soul-sight; one who had a double horizon. For her a light shone through the cypress trees, and

dawn of day across the glorious symbols played. She had learned the divine art of reading all holy writ, not with physical sight, but spiritual understanding, and her constant verdict was, "Far better."

IV

It was in an academic procession, and my place chanced to be with the orator of the occasion. He was a noted chemist and was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his being graduated from the university. The procession halted—as such processions sometimes will—and I noticed a lad of some thirteen years of age, looking at this long line of students, faculty, honor men, and Council, all robed in their respective regalia of academic attainments. I said to my companion: "Doctor, you have seen miraculous discoveries in your science during the last half century. How would you like to be that boy's age and go on with the next two generations and witness what strides chemical science will make in the next half century?" The procession moved on fifty yards and again came to a stop. Then he answered, "No, I think not." That interested me, and I said, "Why not?" "Well," he replied, "for several reasons. First, I am a believer in evolution. I cannot think

that life has made the many long grades from the simplest forms to our complex being without having some goal. Certainly we have not reached that goal here, but we are hoping and longing to find it somewhere. Now, if nature, or God, or whatever power it is, has brought me from the deep, dark ooze of the sea through the long, painful centuries of developing life, until it achieves a consciousness in me that can conceive immortality, dream of it, hope for it, labor for it, and then fling me away in the corruption of the grave, then nature has overreached itself and failed at the climax of its achievement; and that has not been its history hitherto. Moreover, I am a Christian man, and my faith extends beyond the border in the assurance that every honest longing of my soul for character, consciousness, and achievement shall find realization. Therefore I watch the sands of life run low without regret. I am standing before the veil and waiting a summons. When it comes I will greet it with a cheer. I am satisfied that yon laddie shall plod his day on the low level and see the unsuspected marvels yet unborn, while I strike the higher level in a world of pure spirit. I am just as eager to make that venture as I have joyfully lived my mortal career." A venture—yes, that is it. The Romance of Immortality.

V

It was on a bench at the golf course. The game was over, and the professional who had made up our foursome had gone. We three remained. One was a professor of natural sciences in a foreign university. His training had been in biology, for which he had been fitted by heredity, aptitude, and discipline. The other friend was a noted preacher who at that time was a member of the English Parliament, the first member chosen from the nonconformist ministry in two and a half centuries. I said to our friend the biologist, "Has your science anything to say for immortality?" "Not a word. Not a word. The most that I can discover are intimations, but no clear word that might have even the reflection of a revelation." Then, after a moment's silence, he went on, "I have a feeling that, until a man espouses either a cause or an individual for which he is perfectly willing to jeopardize life and would count it an honor to die, he does not come in sight of immortality."

Immediately my parliamentary friend answered: "I feel that you are right. I have long thought that when Paul wrote that first letter to the Corinthians he was semi-sarcastic in answering some questions about immor-

tality. That Church was schismatic, having main cleavages and subdivisions. Among them was a dilettante group who would rise at ten, breakfast at eleven, bathe at four, sleep at five, and in the drawing rooms at night discuss the problems of religion in academic fashion. And from this group some one said, 'Since you are writing Paul, just ask him how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' And when Paul came to that question he wrote: 'How say some among you there is no resurrection of the dead? What can you know about it discussing this mystery over the wine cups? Get out on the fighting line. Put your problems into the crucible of experience, and you will learn the realities of religion.'" Then he added: "Paul had both a person and a cause for which he was daily jeopardizing life. He lived constantly under the shadow of martyrdom. He knew that sometime the violence of the mob or headman's ax would terminate his mortal years. Therefore he was in view of immortality and eternal life."

Action is the field of clear vision. Academic discussion and controversy often cloud issues which active experience will illuminate.

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